

THE RAMBLER.

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THE RISING GENERATION : OUR POOR-SCHOOLS.

AMONGST Catholics one finds two sorts of people. Some, when speaking about our present position in this country, can see in it nothing but what is cheering and delightful. Your *couleur-de-rose* man lives in a poetical atmosphere of his own. Openings of new missions, churches, and schools, functions, devotions, sermons, conversions,—these are his talk and his life. Were there ever, thinks he, such glorious times as these ; such palmy days for the Church ? In his excited fervour he can see nothing but progress, nothing that is not enchanting, hopeful, and glorious. On the other hand, there is a select little circle of croakers who make it their business to undeceive those who are under any such delusion. Our position is most unreal, say they ; and nothing is to be expected from it but the most dire calamities. Every present success is with them but the precursor of debts, difficulties, and disasters. There is a flaw in every undertaking, a black spot in every character, which serves as a target for their grumblings. The whole of our present position is unsound and rotten ; and if it does not end in a great smash, it is only because of God's Providence overruling His Church.

For ourselves, being of a philosophic turn of mind, we think that there is a good deal to be said on both sides. To the gentlemen of rose-coloured minds we urge, that there is an old-fashioned proverb about glittering gold which is still as applicable as ever ; that the croakers and grumblers are, many of them, no visionaries, but clear-headed and thoughtful men, who not only really see the faults and failings they speak of, but also feel them most keenly : and if we do not take their view, it is not because it has no truth in it, but because it is only one side of the picture, and one, too, that leads to no results. Yes, gentlemen croakers and grumblers, you are

right; there *are* plenty of flaws and black spots; plenty that is unreal, unsound, rotten; but this is not peculiar to our age or country, nor to the present state of religion amongst us. It has always been so since Adam infected us with original sin; and if we are to wait till what is done is done perfectly, till men work only from the purest motives, and in the most excellent manner, we must look out for another basis of operations than any we can find in this world. Do you want to see the practical results of the grumbling system? *fiat experimentum in corpore vili*—try it on a small scale. Go to the next race with your friends, and pick out your favourite; stand by the side of the stream or the course, and tell him of all his faults; as he passes by, cheer him with all your might, and after your own fashion. Encourage him to greater efforts by making him fully sensible of his present deficiencies; tell him he is a long way behind, and making no progress, but losing ground every minute; that there is this imminent danger on one side, and that disaster impending on the other; that he is managing badly, and has not a chance. Try the effect of all this. The common voice of mankind, as well as the thoughtful sayings of philosophers, concur in teaching that if we would have progress, we must be tolerant of many faults, imperfections, and mistakes; that more progress will be made in the end by encouragement to go on than by stopping even to correct these mistakes, at the risk of losing heart to go on at all.

To look, then, upon our present condition in England as unsatisfactory, when compared with the past, is, we think, simply to be unthankful to God for all He has done for us. We are quite ready to allow, and indeed contend for, a considerable amount of mistakes and unrealities; but still, on the whole, we have made progress—glorious progress. Whoever will take the trouble to make a study of the position and prospects of Catholics in England forty or fifty years ago, will soon be as deeply convinced of this as they are who have had actual experience of those times. It is not, then, our past progress that can reasonably be doubted; but if we look not to the past, but to the present, and still more to the future, as arising out of the present, we must admit with the croakers that there is something unsatisfactory, a flaw, a black spot, the reality of which we inwardly feel as much as they do, and would express our feelings outwardly by croaking, yea, with the lungs of ten thousand frogs, if croaking would mend it.

Let us put it thus: we will suppose ourselves to go into one of our London churches on a Sunday, and see there some hundreds or thousands of Catholics at their devotions. The

question is suddenly put to us, Where did all these people learn their religion? We tell our inquirer, that we observe some foreigners; that besides there are doubtless many converts, and that many of the upper classes were educated in Catholic colleges and convents at home and abroad. But the great bulk of the people, all the poor, where were they brought up in the knowledge and practice of their religion? Our answer is: Not, with some exceptions, in this country at all, but in Ireland, from which they imported it here. Since, then, he replies, these Catholics are not native produce, so to speak, but of foreign growth, how will it be thirty or forty years hence, when these are most of them passed away? How will your churches be filled then? Of course, we answer, by their children; of which, with those of the converts and others, there is an abundant crop. Hold, says he; the question I ask is not, whether the present generation of Catholics are a fruitful race, but whether all these children you speak of will, when grown up, take the place of their parents in attending their religious duties; whether, in short, they will be practical Catholics—whether Catholics at all.

Why not? say we; the children are little Catholics already, why should they not grow up to be big ones? Because, says our matter-of-fact friend, though the children are, it is true, Catholics now, inasmuch as they had the gift of faith at baptism, yet this seed of faith requires for its development, and at last for its very existence, nurture and education. In short, of themselves they will *not* grow up Catholics. If they are to take the place of their parents, it must be by their being brought up, like them, under Catholic influences; in fact, by their learning their religion. Now the time of our poor children is divided between their homes, the streets, and the school, if they go to one. Their day is spent in one or more of these. If they learn their religion, it must be in one of these. Which is it?

Well, thought we, it is not the streets, any how; for here they see very little to remind them that there is such a thing as religion at all. Except in some shape in which it is marketable, it does not ordinarily come into the calculations of all those busy people the poor child meets in the streets. And as for the true religion, if he hears it referred to at all, it is only to be abused and ridiculed, as something too gross and childish to be fit for this enlightened country, however it may be practised in darker and less fortunate places. Certainly, whatever else he picks up, he will never pick up his religion, either faith or morals, in the streets of London. No; it must be at home, of course. But, putting aside exceptional cases,

what is the home of the poor man's child? We know what it is with the children of the upper classes; the place of our merriest days and dearest associations—a place where there was always a kind comfortable mamma to take care of us, and tell us what to do. There were such good sisters, who always did what was right, and were shocked at us when we didn't too. There was a good old governor, who used to be coaxed out of many a sixpence, and used to give us wine and fruit, though mamma shook her head. Was there ever such a place as our home? Were there ever any where such wise, good people as papa and mamma? How unlucky other children were not to have such a first-rate papa and mamma as we had! No wonder, with such associations, home is a place of overpowering influence for good or for evil.

But we say again, what sort of a place is the home of the poor man's child? First, it differs widely from the other in this, that the children see but little of their parents at all. Let the father be ever so good a man, yet if he is always out, the children do not profit by his example. And often, very often, this is the case with the mother too; so that, in fact, the children are left to their own influences, those of the neighbours, of their companions, or of the great world in the streets, during the greatest part of the day, and see comparatively little of their parents. Besides, how often would the influence of the parents be good, if there were more of it? How often are they not given to idleness and drink, to dishonest practices, to cursing and swearing? How often are they not found living in entire disregard of religion and its duties? There are, no doubt, a great many most edifying exceptions to all this; but even so, it must also be taken into account that the Irish immigrants, even when good themselves, have very little notion of the dangers which, in this country, their poor children need to be guarded against. Being brought up under different circumstances themselves, they have ordinarily no idea of having to be themselves the means through which their children are to imbibe their religion. Take all these circumstances into account, and then consider how much the influence of home can be depended on, as not *a* means, but *the* means by which our Catholic children are to learn their religion. In fact, it is only those that are unacquainted with the poor and their children who do not know that more frequently home, instead of being an influence for good, is itself the most deep and pernicious of the evil influences that have to be counteracted.

What, then, is our hope for the rising generation? They spend part of their day in the streets, where they learn nothing that they had not better unlearn; they spend another part at

home, with nineteen chances out of twenty of learning there, too, more harm than good. Our only hope is in the school which they do, or at least may, attend; and of the three places between which they divide their time, this is the only one we can influence. The streets we cannot improve; we must keep the children out of them. Their homes we cannot improve; we must often counteract their influence. The school is the only place where the thousands and ten-thousands of our Catholic children can learn their religion; and this providentially is within our control.

It will be said, perhaps, that though the influences of the streets and their homes are bad, yet these rather affect the children's morals than undermine their faith. But let it be recollected that these children have yet to learn their faith. We are not now speaking of what may injure the faith of the children after they have got it, but how they are to get it; to get it, not merely as a seed or latent power, but as an active principle felt and understood. All who are baptised have faith; but faith requires a suitable soil and culture: and however it might live without cultivation in a Catholic country, the climate and soil of a Protestant land is too cold and ungenial for it even to exist without care and cultivation. From this cause, here, if any where, our Lord's words are pre-eminently verified: "He that is not with Me is against Me." There is no neutral ground here; all found on what might be considered such are claimed by the prince of darkness; and the claim is sustained. If a Catholic does not practise his religion, it is only a question of time when he ceases to belong to it even in name. Except for the practical purpose of saving his soul, his religion is not worth keeping in this country; it is a drawback. Under other circumstances, he might continue to hold the truth in ungodliness; and if it were of no service to his own soul, yet his family and dependents might be benefited by it; but here those who cease to belong to us are forthwith found with the enemy.

If, then, our dear friends the croakers say that there is no hope for the great masses of our children except in our schools, they enunciate a great truth; and if they go on to say that our schools are for the most part utterly incapable of grappling with the evil, they enunciate another. We admit, we contend for, both these propositions. But put so, they lead to no other conclusion than that we should all sit down and be miserable together. It is certain that we may take so black, and yet so true a view of things, as to be thoroughly disheartened, and do nothing but, like the driver in the fable, sit down and complain to Hercules that our coach is in the mud.

No; while we admit the premises, it is more hopeful, and therefore more practical, to put them into a *couleur-de-rose* form. Instead of saying, there is no hope but in our schools, let us say, there *is* hope in them; and while we allow that they are very bad, let us add, that they *can* be made better. Nay, we are confident that if you want men to see the deficiencies of the schools they support, you will do it sooner by encouraging them to make them still better than they are—to add the last touches of perfection to them—than by telling that they are, what they are, miserably bad. But does not truth compel us to say so? Not exactly: it is impatience.

To proceed, however, with our argument. We must now take it as a thing proved, that our future existence in England depends on what we do in our schools: and also we take it for granted that at the present time they fall grievously short of what they ought to be, and what they must be, if they are to grapple with the gigantic evil that they have to contend with. We say this without meaning to detract in the least from all that is being, and has been, done during the last few years for our schools. We are fully aware that we have now not a few schools, in the northern counties more particularly, that might serve as very models;—schools which give the very perfection of education. But how many are these, compared with the entire number of schools?—how many in comparison with what we want, and must have in order to educate the masses of our children? Those who take most interest in the education of the poor, and who have exerted themselves most, are agreed on this point. It is a thing that *must* be attended to.

But what are the causes of our schools being inefficient, or what are the obstacles to our having good ones? They may be reduced to three heads: want of money, want of practical knowledge of schools, and want of energy or will.

Of these, we have no doubt many will pounce upon the first as being, after all, the great and main difficulty. For ourselves, we are persuaded it is the least. First, because it vanishes when once the other two are provided for; whereas, on the other hand, what will money do, when there is either a want of energy or of practical knowledge in those that have the chief management of a school? Of course there are numerous cases where many a hard-working priest is obliged, in order to keep his school going, to pinch himself, to have recourse to many extremely troublesome and unpleasant ways of raising money: still, in the end, by fair means or foul, it comes. We cannot bring to mind a single instance where an energetic, painstaking man had fairly to shut up his school for

want of means. There is, after all, a sympathy for men who make great efforts, *and who persevere in them*. The Poor-School Committee, the Committee of Council, school-pence, sermons, meetings, bazaars, tea-parties, excursions,—all come to the rescue, and the school goes on. This certainly is not the greatest impediment.

What, then, is the *greatest* obstacle? Shall we say, it is want of practical knowledge respecting school-matters? This is undoubtedly one of the chief causes of our schools being inefficient. School-managers often know nothing at all about schools, or what they ought to be. Knowledge comes by learning, skill by practice. Latin and Greek had to be learnt, as we found to our cost. Sciences and arts, trades and professions, all, without exception, have to be studied and worked at before we can make any hand of them. Whence comes it, then, that the art of teaching, the science of education, is to come of itself? Why is it that without any study or practice men take the management of schools, and expect them to get on? They think we live in those good old times when the squire's butler, now past active service, retired into private life as village-schoolmaster; or when a cook or lady's-maid, worn out with years and service, was by an economical arrangement installed in the office of schoolmistress; then, indeed, school-management needed not to be learnt, not because it came by intuition even then, but on a principle enunciated by a friend of ours, that it was easy to get through work that was not done. But now if our schools are to be places of solid instruction, of real education, those who have the management of them must take the trouble to make themselves somewhat acquainted with their practical working: the discipline and organisation of a school, the making it an attractive place,—without which, in the present day, it will not be filled,—requires skill and care as well as constant vigilance. But we do not exaggerate when we say that a very great many of our schools are under the control of those who have not any higher idea of them than as places where little boys and girls are taught to read and write and cipher, and where they may be advantageously made at the same time to learn their catechism. It is a grief and vexation to us to see how many working and zealous priests, whose heart is in the salvation of their flock, and who would be satisfied with nothing less than vigorous and efficient schools, are simply lost to this work because they have no practical knowledge of it. But they have never had the opportunity of gaining it; and as they are the chief or sole managers of the schools, these must needs suffer.

But there is another obstacle, which must, after all, be re-

garded as the greatest in the way of our having efficient schools; and this is, want of energy. Want of money is an evil; and, still more, want of practical knowledge in the management of schools. But these and greater difficulties far would soon be overcome, would we stir ourselves, and set our shoulder to the wheel. For proof of this, look to the excellent schools which, thank Heaven! in some places we have. How were these called into existence? Time was when there, as every where else, there was no money. The managers there, too, knew nothing of schools but their difficulties; but they set to work and overcame all obstacles, and have been blessed with a success beyond their utmost hopes. Are we Catholics made of different stuff from other people, that it should be pretended that we cannot do as much as they? It is all very well to say they have resources which we have not. First, money will not come without exertion; and when you have got it, even then personal exertion and vigilance is required for success. It is because, as we say, Protestants are *active* that they do harm and mischief to us; and we have only to bring forth the energy and activity which we have locked up in our breasts, and the money that is locked up in our coffers, in order to succeed. We can succeed if we set to work. We shall not succeed if we don't. Even grace will do nothing for us then. O for some means of awakening our dormant energies! *Hic labor, hoc opus est.*

In answer, then, to the question, What must we do for our schools? we must admit that we have no sovereign Holloway's ointment by which we are to be "cured in an instant." Many think that the remedy is to be sought in organisation. Were we not, says one, so thoroughly disorganised a body, we could do any thing. We want to be properly organised, says another. Very true; but, first, who is to do it? Once upon a time the mice came to the conclusion, that to escape from certain apprehensions which affected the nervous system, it was highly desirable that the cat should have a bell tied round her neck. Most excellent resolution! which nevertheless failed of its effect, because no one was found who would take Mrs. Puss in hand. And a similar difficulty attends the establishment of this same perfect organisation, which is to do such great things; who is to effect it? There is, too, another evil, as much to be feared as want of organisation, and one which all the organisation in the world will not set right,—want of motive-power, of mainspring, or whatever you like to call it, to keep your organisation going. We fear this more of the two. We would sooner have some parts of the machinery a little erratic or self-willed than the whole thing reduced to a

perfect system, in which every wheel, shaft, and spindle is exactly where it ought to be, with the risk of its energy and activity being impaired. And when you have got to make the different parts of your machine, not of cold iron, but of human will, with all its eccentricities and idiosyncrasies, you cannot restrain and adjust and organise very perfectly without losing by the way a deal of good useful energy, which, even in the raw state, is yet, in this lazy world of ours, too precious a material to be lightly thrown away.

No; the truth is, no machinery in the world will make or carry on good schools, any more than it will make men lead good lives; and for the same reason. And that reason is—original sin and its effects, weakness of will, dullness of intellect. To set up good schools, and keep them going, managers have to overcome these defects, first in themselves, next in the schoolmaster; and then they can set to work to do the same thing for the children. This must always be hard, uphill work, and such as requires unceasing vigilance and energy. Depend upon it, neither organisation, nor inspection, nor even “a couple of nuns,”—which was, we remember, some years ago the recipe for setting things right,—will do of itself. It is by exertion, by thoughtfulness and foresight, by careful attention to little things as well as great, by watchful vigilance, by continual struggling against the negligence and laziness which there must ever be continual temptations to in so toilsome a work as carrying on good schools; it is, in short, by all that proceeds from and belongs to personal care and individual energy,—that the difficulty must be, not once for all, but continually combated.

While, however, nothing that can be suggested will supply the place of this individual exertion in the establishment of good schools, yet there are one or two questions as to the best *means* for improving schools which it may be well to touch upon. One of these is, whether it is for the good of our schools that they should be under Government inspection? But into the discussion of this point we shall not enter, because it seems to us to be practically settled. For whatever may be urged abstractedly for or against it *was* argued some years ago, when the question was brought before the Bishops; and after long discussion, and upon the obtaining of certain concessions, it was settled by them in favour of Government inspection. Suppose, for argument's sake, that their lordships were mistaken in their view; yet even so, *mallem errare cum Platone*, &c. It is better to run the chance of a false step with authority on your side, than to act merely upon your own private convictions. What is the final end of Bishops?

Not merely *benedicere et consecrare*, but also *regere et gubernare*. How should such points be settled, except by the authority and wisdom of superiors? It is all very well for safe old coaches to come up from the country, and shake their heads, and say, *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*, and that sort of thing; but it is to be remembered that the Danai in this case are already within our walls, and that, as things are going on, it may be in their power some day to come into our schools without any *dona* at all, and enforce inspection on us, as on all others. If, indeed, there were any condition of inspection which was in itself wrong, or against the faith or morals of our children, our duty would be to look to what was right, without thought or care of consequences, which are entirely in the hands of God. But this is just precisely what their lordships have settled, that there is *not* any thing wrong or bad in accepting inspection. It is, then, merely a question of prudence, what is safest and wisest for the future.

But, it is said, the Bishops have decided, not that we *must* accept inspection, but that we *may* do so. They have done more; they have decided that we may safely do so. This, then, is one side of the question. On the other side there are the aforesaid *dona*, a matter of certain £. s. d., which are of material and undeniable assistance, the sinews of schools as well as war. Suppose we make a free translation of Danai, and call them Egyptians; why should we not spoil these Egyptians? *Nil obstat*. The Bishops say we may. Then there is one clear gain in the material assistance gained—the *dona*; and a second is, that we act together and uniformly as a body: and we contend that, even if there is danger, our generals will by this plan sooner discover and more readily avoid it than by the system of each private soldier acting on his own judgment, and keeping a private look-out for the interests of the Catholic Church. What, say we, is the use of Bishops, if we do not leave this to them?

However, we do not mean to do so great an injustice to the Committee of Council as to insinuate that the only good they do is to give us pecuniary aid. On the contrary, their system is a very vigorous and well-digested one, and shows that some very long-headed and thoughtful men have been at work in the study of education. Moreover, we are inclined to give them credit for a desire, not indeed to give a Catholic education, which is too much to expect of them, but to give Catholics, as well as others, fair play, and not to interfere with our religion. Nor certainly can it be denied that inspection has, as a matter of fact, been a means of improving our schools very considerably. Our most vigorous and successful schools

have been those under inspection, or others have been exceptions only. And what also deserves attention is, that, as a rule, those managers who take most interest in their schools seem to have no difficulty about accepting the Government grants; whereas the "safe" people very often display a manifest want of interest in the whole subject, when compared with other things. Let any one observe for himself whether this is not the case.

Another question is sometimes raised, as to who should have the management of our poor-schools? Cases occur in which private individuals have taken compassion on the wants of some destitute locality, and have established schools of themselves. In some of our oldest missions the school is not only supported by the chief Catholic family of the place, but entirely under their control. In other cases, benefactors have made their support conditional on the management of the schools being left in their own hands, or in those of a committee. Now what is most for the good of schools? Are they best left in the hands of the clergy, or does any other system promise more improvement? We are clearly of opinion that the local clergy are the fittest managers. There are, no doubt, cases that are exceptions. In some places the clergy are so overburdened with other work, that they cannot properly attend to them. In others the schools cannot be obtained for them. In others age or infirmity render the priests unable to do any thing. But these are exceptions, nothing more; and, as exceptions, should be made the subject of special treatment. As a rule, however, we affirm that nothing is so natural an arrangement, nor, in the long-run, so beneficial, as that the priest of the parish should be manager of the school; and for this reason. We have seen that the great difficulty about carrying on an efficient school is, to find that persevering energy which must be the mainspring of its life. Now where are we so likely to find this as in the priest? Others take up the care of schools as amateurs; but it is his profession. Others engage in the work as devotion or taste may lead them; but with him it is part of that sacred duty, to which he is bound by vows, of watching over the safety of the lambs as well as the sheep of his flock. Others are not responsible for a work they are not bound to undertake; but with him it is a matter that he cannot, in good conscience, neglect, and of which his superiors require from time to time an account. And however it is true that there are many cases in which the zeal of the laity in this matter is worthy of being imitated as well as encouraged, yet no good would, we believe, be attained by attempting therefore to remove the clergy from the office and

care of management. Those who are wise will take care not to despise or neglect to make use of any aid or interest in the schools which can be commanded. But in the long-run, those to whom we can look with most confidence for persevering interest in the school are the pastors of the flock.

But then here is another question: not only energy is wanted to carry on the school, though this is the most important point, but also some practical ability in its working. A man may be willing to make his school an efficient one, but may know nothing about the matter. This knowledge, as we have said, does not come by intuition, nor by special revelation, nor is it a grace or gift that is obtained at ordination; but it is a science, or rather an art, and, like every other art, to be learned by rules, by study, and by experience. Now the difficulty lies here, that those who can be most depended on for will and energy in carrying on our schools have often very little knowledge of their practical working. They would make their schools better if they knew how. Or, if there is any lack of care and energy, it is from this very cause, that they do not know how much their schools need setting to rights. We must remember, that it is only of late that any thing could be done in this country in establishing or improving Catholic schools. How could they have skill or experience in the working of schools, when they could not have schools at all? Yet still the evil remains; the main difficulty lies here. The management of our schools is mainly in the hands of men zealous indeed, and painstaking, but who are professedly ignorant of the working of schools; and yet it is very undesirable that they should be removed from under their care. How is this evil to be met?

For ourselves, we are convinced that nothing would do so much for our schools as to make the practical knowledge of a school part of an ecclesiastical education. If those who are and may be expected to be most zealous and earnest in the cause of education were also practically acquainted with its details, what more hopeful prospect could we have that our schools would turn out efficient? And even in cases where at present there may seem to be some lack of this zeal and earnestness, the cause is to be found, we think, in this, that men do not take to that which they are not skilful in; and if this is so, what would tend to excite more activity would be supplying such an amount of knowledge of schools as is almost invariably found to give an interest in them also. To enforce this acquaintance with school-work on men who have grown old in the service of religion under an entirely different state of things is, indeed, difficult. And yet we have been many times

edified at seeing how readily they took up what an altered state of affairs required of them, and what docility and largeness of mind they showed in adapting themselves to new arrangements. But at least—we speak with submission to authority—why should not this, so important a part of what a priest has to do, be taught him as part of his necessary training before he enters upon his missionary work? If there are not sufficient opportunities at college, for want of poor-schools large enough to serve as models, yet there are in London and our large towns multitudes of poor children who would be only too grateful for the care and instruction of newly-ordained priests; who, while they visited the schools day after day, would soon come to learn how they might most efficiently be carried on. And as they were removed to more responsible spheres of duty, they would carry away with them the idea of what a school ought to be, and by what means such an idea might best be realised.

There is yet one thing more indispensable to the success of our schools. We must utterly get rid of the idea that schools are to be means of supporting needy, broken-down men and women, or persons whom, from any motive, we desire to provide for. We are really, we believe, not deficient in kindly feeling and compassion for so many of these poor creatures, who have been thrown on the world and hardly treated; we would, indeed, gladly provide for them; but not at the expense of the poor children. Have *they* no claims on us? Have we no duties to them? Are we not as strictly bound, nay, much more so, to provide for their spiritual wants, as for the temporal necessities of the would-be masters and mistresses? Is it not a cruelty, nothing less, to the poor children, to put them or keep them under the care of a person incompetent to conduct the school, because, in short, we wish to make a place for a person for whom we feel compassion? What would be thought of a Bishop—a real one we mean, for this is, indeed, the very system of the Establishment—of a Catholic Bishop, who, in appointing to parishes, should look, not to the good of the souls contained therein, but to provide for a priest, and to make him comfortable, as his first point? And so managers of schools, not less than those of dioceses, have a duty to perform, and a responsibility attached to it: and that duty is, primarily and mainly, to see to the good of the children; and next to this—*longo sed proximo intervallo*—to look to the good of the teacher. The teacher is for the school, and the school is for the children. The children, then, are not to be last in consideration, but first. Not, indeed, that hardness or indifference to the wants or comforts

of teachers is desirable. On the contrary, it is the best policy, as well as the right thing, to take the greatest care and show the highest kindness to a good teacher, who is going through his or her arduous duties with zeal and ability. But this is not the case we are supposing, but one in which it is a question whether we shall do a kindness to an individual, or look to the good of the school. And we are fully convinced it is the best way to proclaim undisguisedly to the teachers themselves, that the one chief thing we look to in our office of manager is the efficiency of the school—the good of the children.

Could our old friends the croakers,—the destructive men,—come in here with hammer and axe and strike at the very root of this pernicious principle, it would be a shrewd blow to the arch enemy. When God gives us a Church, Satan would turn it into an Establishment. When the Church organises institutions, religious and social, the devil seeks to make places out of them.*

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE PROTO-MONASTERY OF
SUBIACO,
AND THE HOLY GROTTA OF ST. BENEDICT.

BY THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP ULLATHORNE, O.S.B.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CHRONICLE.

THOUGH Mount Cassino, where the relics of our glorious patriarch repose, is the chief monastery, yet Subiaco has always been the proto, or first, monastery of the order. For thirteen centuries and a half of human vicissitudes has this establishment continued, its members vowing the same rule of life, wearing the same habit, chanting the same divine office, and binding themselves to the same stability. If the world pressed so hard at times upon the monastery as to force its way within its walls, and so gave occasion to laxity, the remedy was well understood. A return to the letter of the rule brought back its spirit; and whenever the man needed for such a work could not be found, which occasionally happened, then the Popes

* In order to give the above article its due weight, we feel bound to state that it is from the pen of a Priest who has had great experience and success in his schools. We hope that he may be induced to continue the discussion of the subject.

came in; and they never failed. There is something beyond nature sublime in this fixity of purpose in a world so unstable, in this perseverance from generation to generation in one definite law of spiritual life, in this keeping the ship of religious life afloat on one spot, and firmly anchored to eternity, from the early Christian ages up to this hour, despite of all the storms which the world and the devil have raised for her destruction.

The hour of calamity fixes itself more strongly on the memory than the peaceful day of prosperity; and so the records of this holy retreat will give us more of the troubles and afflictions with which God tries His servants than of the consolations with which He draws them to Himself. Then it is to be considered, that times of difficulty necessitate the recording of transactions, whilst devout men in happier days leave their good deeds for heaven to mark. If, then, wrong-doers have at times arisen within this monastery, or strangers have afflicted its inmates, deeper traces of these calamities, and of the earnest spirit that withstood them, will be found in these records than of the interior life of the saints.

With reflections like these, night after night I took up the manuscript of Cherubini Mirtius; and I have penned a few notes from it for the entertainment of the reader. The old brief Chronicle published by Muratori terminates in 1290; and Mirtius says it abounds with errors. Father Joseph McCarthy, an Irish monk of the Holy Grotto, wrote annotations on the older Chronicle, which I had not time to inspect. The Italian poem entitled *La Valle Santa*, composed by John Camillus Conestabile in the seventeenth century, also celebrates the local history of Subiaco.

Flourishing until the year 601, the twelve monasteries were then destroyed in the Lombard invasion, and the monks fled to Rome. They took refuge on the Coelian Hill, as their brethren from Mount Cassino had done at the Lateran. The house which received them had been the residence of the senator Tertullius, who, after the martyrdom of his son St. Placid, had dedicated it to God as a monastery under the invocation of St. Erasmus. On the same Coelian Hill stood the monastery of St. Andrew, which had been founded by St. Gregory the Great, and from which, a short time previous to the arrival of the monks from Subiaco, he had sent forth St. Augustine and his companions for the conversion of England. And it is highly probable that of the monks who had fled from Subiaco, some were sent among those who came to the aid of the first apostles of our country.

The monks of Subiaco continued at their house in Rome

for 104 years. But in 705, Pope John VII. restored the monastery of St. Scholastica, and appointed the monk Stephen to be their abbot. Devastated anew by the Saracens in 828, it was restored again by the labours of Peter, the sixth abbot, who died in 857. He also built a chapel over the Holy Grotto, and Pope Leo IV. consecrated the new altars. But in 938 it was again sacked by the Hungarians. In 963, the people who dwelt within the jurisdiction of the monastery grew turbulent against the abbot, and Pope John XII. came to Subiaco for the purpose of enforcing order and allegiance; but, through the earnest intercession of the abbot, the guilty were saved from punishment. A few years previous, the monastery had been honoured by a visit from St. Odo of Cluni.

Great was the magnificence with which Pope Benedict VII. consecrated the new church of St. Scholastica in 981; and on that occasion he gave solemn confirmation to the monks of all their territorial possessions. At the close of the century, the Emperor Otho came to visit the sanctuary. But with the dawn of the eleventh century arose great troubles and distress. Many of the barons of the mountain-fastnesses in the neighbourhood led the lives of brigands, and often disturbed the quiet of the monastery and seized its possessions. They took Peter, the twentieth abbot, prisoner, and cast him into a dungeon for his resistance to their spoliations; and there, after a long course of suffering, his eyes were torn out; and in 1002 he died a martyr in defence of the rights of his community.

Fifty years after this time the monastery was thrown into great confusion through the misdeeds of Abbot Otho. Pope Leo IX. hastened to the spot; and the conscience-stricken abbot fled away at his approach. The Pope appointed Abbot Humbert in his stead. It was this pontiff who, struck with the grandeur of all he saw around him, exclaimed to the crowd of prelates in attendance: "Wonderful is this place. Almighty God has deservedly made this monastery the first in Italy; and truly it is the first." It was through this Pope's munificence that Humbert was enabled, at a time so calamitous, to build the tower, as well as the lower sanctuary which covers the Holy Grotto. But though a devout religious man, Abbot Humbert had not the force of character which the times demanded. The marauding barons continued their work of plundering, and the poor monks were reduced to the last extremity of want. But in 1060 Cardinal Hugo, the papal legate, on his return from Lombardy, passed by Subiaco; he was grieved to the heart at the spectacle which the monastery presented, and summoned the principal barons to the church of St. Scholastica; and when they had assembled, first he addressed them

in bland and gentle words; but, gradually rising in tone, he ended by thundering out excommunication, *ipso facto*, upon whoever, in time to come, should assail or molest the possessions of the monastery.

Meanwhile the state of affairs had reached the ears of Pope Alexander II. He was deeply moved, and burst into tears; and he exclaimed: "Alas, alas, what times are ours! why has it fallen to us to see the sacred churches and monasteries made desolate? The places which that founder and father of monks made sacred to God's service are trodden down before our eyes." The Pope sent for his deacon Hildebrand, and said to him: "The saddest news has struck our ears. St. Benedict's venerable monastery at Subiaco, so famous throughout the world, is almost in ruins. So much did our predecessors take it to their care, so copiously did they help it from the apostolic treasury, so highly did they exalt it with favours so numerous, that its fame might be known in all Christian lands: and now with grief we hear, nay, we know it to be so far ruined, that but few monks remain in it; and they are so oppressed by the barons and certain depraved brethren, that they can scarcely get what life requires. Take, then, as quickly as possible, some of the clergy of the apostolic palace, and a military force, and do your utmost to raise up the fallen monastery. Armed with apostolic authority, go, and do your best to restore it to its former state."

Then Hildebrand took of the clergy of the sacred palace, and a strong force of soldiers; and Desiderius, the Abbot of Mount Cassino and Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, went with him. And when, in the month of June 1062, he arrived at the venerable monastery, he found all things in such a state of confusion and poverty that it was evident the half of it had not reached the ears of the Pope. He called the monks to chapter, and made them a noble and encouraging discourse, which is still preserved. And when he had ceased speaking, Abbot Humbert rose, and came forward; he laid his staff at Hildebrand's feet, and then prostrating before him, he asked pardon for his administration, and tendered his resignation. Upon which Hildebrand said: "God, who can do all things, forgive thee all thy offences; rise up and take thy seat."

Then the legate enjoined the monks to elect an abbot as the rule of St. Benedict prescribed. But as, after some discussion, they found no one amongst them who was fit to rule under circumstances so difficult, they asked the legate if he would deign to appoint them a suitable pastor; and they entreated him to give them John the son of Odo for their shepherd. This John was of a noble family, and a monk of Farfen,

who had come in the suite of Cardinal Hildebrand. He was conspicuous for religious life, wise, powerful, and learned in what it befits an ecclesiastic to know: and his head appeared in stature above all as they sat. When the legate heard John asked for in the name of the community, he judged him to be worthy of the abbatial mitre. And for ages, adds the Chronicle, had there not been an election conducted with greater concord, simplicity, and religion.

So, reluctant though he was, Hildebrand promoted John to be abbot with these words: "My dearest son, trusting in the help of God, of SS. Peter and Paul, and of our holy father St. Benedict, take upon thee the care of this monastery; and be severe in correcting, but mild and of a kindly heart in administering; that, with the flock committed to thy charge, thou mayest deserve the joys of eternal life." Then he received the abbatial staff, and the Lord Abbot John was greeted with universal acclamations and applause. And amidst prayers for a prosperous and happy government, he was conducted in solemn pomp to the choir; and as the chant of the *Te Deum* arose, he was honourably placed in the abbatial chair. And within a few hours nearly the whole of the people greeted him with great joy as their pastor, firmly believing that St. Benedict had raised him up to suppress the audacity of the neighbouring barons. Hildebrand then visited the Grotto of St. Benedict, and returned to Rome; whilst Humbert, more eager to obey than to command, and sighing for the peace of retirement, partook of dinner with the brethren, and then bidding them farewell, wended his way to a monastery in the Abruzzi.

John, fifth abbot of the name, and twenty-eighth of the monastery, did his utmost to recover the possessions which had been either plundered or alienated from the monastery—that patrimony which so many devout and noble souls had offered to St. Benedict. But his soul was in anguish for the reform of his community. It is one of St. Teresa's solid remarks, that when the temporalities of religion get into confusion, the spiritualities are sure to go wrong. Harassed incessantly, and reduced to the lowest depths of want, the monks had ceased from community-life; and the rule had been neglected in many of its most important provisions. Cautiously and gradually the abbot proceeded in the work of reform. He selected the fittest and most diligent monks for the offices; some to carry out the details of spiritual life, others to look closely to the temporalities. And he gave each monk a fixed measure of food until better times. Slowly he recovered one property after another. His life was several times in peril from

the barons; and for final security, as well for the people as the monks, he built the castle of Subiaco as it now stands. To the monastery he built new cloisters. For the pilgrims who came to the sanctuary he raised a hospital near the gate, with sleeping chambers for their use. Below these he erected another for the sick-poor; and he added a chapel, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. And for the support of these institutions he assigned lands. A little further on he built a magnificent hospice for guests: it was in the pointed style, with cloisters above and below; and he adorned its dining-hall with magnificent stained windows; and two years after it was completed it was occupied by the Empress Agnes. But of all the works of this generous prelate, that which he had most at heart was to raise a church and monastery at the Holy Grotto which should be worthy of its sanctity and renown. How he accomplished that glorious work we have seen in previous chapters.

To advance more efficaciously the reform of his monastery, Abbot John selected certain noble youths, who received the habit of St. Benedict from his hands, and were carefully formed to his rule. Amongst the pilgrims who crowded to the Holy Grotto, some also remained to embrace the religious state. Amongst these came the priest Palumbo. He offered to the abbot a church he had built, with its possessions; and, aspiring to the perfect life, he petitioned to retire to the Holy Grotto ere its monastery was complete; and there, in a narrow cell, he passed twenty-five years of most austere and mortified life, died in the odour of sanctity, and was pronounced blessed.

Abbot John had for some time been raised to the cardinalate, when, in 1116, Pope Pascal II. came to Subiaco, and with the help of a military force recovered Ponza and Affide, which had been seized upon by a certain Ildemondo, and confirmed them to the monastery. He also consecrated an altar at the Holy Grotto. In 1121, the fifty-ninth year of his administration, the great Abbot John departed this life, full of years and labours. We will pass over the reign of the next four abbots, one of whom was deposed by Eugenius IV.; whilst Simeon, the last of the number, during a government of thirty-two years, alienated many of the possessions of the monastery, so that it was again reduced to great poverty. It was during his time that the Greek monks fled from Grotto Ferrata to Subiaco.

In 1152, St. Chelidonia died. She had come on pilgrimage to the Holy Grotto in the time of Abbot John, and retired to a cave in the mountains which overlook the city of Subiaco. For fifty-nine years she there led a solitary life, re-

nowned for sanctity and miracles, which ceased not after her death. Pope Eugenius, then reigning, after due examination, enrolled her amongst the saints; and nine years after her death her body was brought back from Rovaia, where it had been interred, to the cave she had sanctified by her life; and a convent of Benedictine nuns was founded on the place. There it continued for 250 years; when, in obedience to the decree of the Council of Trent, which required that in those troublous times all convents of women should be placed for their protection within the walls of fortified cities, the sisterhood was transferred into the city of Subiaco, where they still flourish. They sent kind greetings through the pilgrim to their sisters in this country. The ruins of the old convent are still visible on the flank of the mountain.

CHAPTER X.

THE CHRONICLE CONCLUDED.

THE great Pope Innocent III., hearing of the state to which the monastery was again reduced after many devastations, came to Subiaco in 1201 for the purpose of establishing a reform of discipline. After spending some days in carefully examining the condition of head and members, by a special Bull he established several important regulations; and, after visiting the Holy Grotto, he ordained that instead of being served by two or three monks only, it should have a community under a claustral prior, and he assigned for them a separate subsistence.

In 1209, Blessed Lorenzo of Apulia, after his pilgrimage to Compostello, came to visit the Holy Grotto. He dwelt in the cave of St. Mary de Marribottis, as his own record in his prayer-book bears witness. There he delivered himself up to a most austere way of life, and wore that shirt of iron-mail from which he derived the name of Loricato. Moved by a vision, he rebuilt near his cave the monastery which had been one of St. Benedict's twelve. Twelve years after the arrival of Blessed Lorenzo, St. Francis paid his visit to the Holy Grotto. In 1227, a great earthquake destroyed the monastery of St. Clement's, caused dreadful calamities all over Italy, and was followed by a pestilence. In the midst of all these tribulations, Pope Gregory IX., who was most devoted to the sons of St. Benedict, came to Subiaco, and passed two months at the Holy Grotto. It was then he consecrated the altar of St. Gregory, and by four diplomas confirmed all the ancient privileges of the monastery. Lando was then abbot, who

built the beautiful marble cloister, and reconstructed the choir of St. Scholastica.

Pope Alexander IV., who had been professed a monk of St. Scholastica, speaking of his old monastery, in one of his diplomas, says: "The other monasteries of the world, and places belonging to the order, are accustomed to lift up and bend their eyes towards that of Subiaco, that they may learn from it the form of living monastically." This Pope visited Subiaco at the invitation of the abbot, renewed the disciplinary decrees of Innocent III., and ordained that twelve monks should live at the Holy Grotto. Under Pope Urban IV. the disciples of Blessed Lorenzo, who had recently departed this life, were placed under St. Benedict's rule; and St. Mary in Marribottis, which took later the name of St. Lorenzo, became a priory.

After this came troublous times for the monastery, as well as for the Church herself. For after the death of the zealous Abbot Henry, who was a fervid promoter of discipline, there was a schism in the community, and the abbatial chair was a long time vacant. In 1297, a great earthquake threw down the dormitory of St. Scholastica; and in 1305 came the awful tempest which destroyed the lakes. At length, in 1319, Bartholomew II. was called by Pope John XXII. from Mount Cassino, and appointed abbot. For five-and-twenty years he governed with great wisdom, and conferred great benefits on the monastery. He was succeeded by John VII. The universal pestilence then raging took him off after five years; and he was succeeded by Peter V., the forty-second abbot. He was of most holy life; a rigid observer and a strict maintainer of the rule; and the whole monastery wept over his death. He was buried, at his own request, in front of the Holy Grotto, amidst the wailings of the monks. And when, 247 years after his death, the pavement had to be removed, his body was discovered to be entire; a hair-cloth was next his skin, and over it were the tunic and scapular as now worn, and a leathern girdle, to which was hanging a scabbard (the symbol of his temporal power), but without a sword. The body was left undisturbed. The next abbot spent large sums in redeeming his relations from captivity. But in his second year an earthquake, which destroyed the church and chapter-house of St. Scholastica, shook the abbatial castle of Subiaco to such a degree, that the abbot died of fright. These were the dark days of the Avignon captivity; and the troubles of the times found their way into the monastery. But after two abbots had successively resigned their offices, and a third had been deposed, there was again a great abbot at Subiaco. Bar-

tholomew III. was great in council, and of holy life. He brought learned monks from Germany and other countries to increase and re-invigorate the community. Urban V. translated him to Mount Cassino. Pope Urban VI. visited Subiaco, and decreed that the confirmation of the abbot when elected should be reserved to the Holy See. Pope Eugenius IV. united the famous abbey of St. Angelo supra Kympham and St. Mary of Marribottis to St. Scholastica; and conferred so many favours on the Benedictines, that he is still daily prayed for at Subiaco, and, on his anniversary, throughout the Italian congregation.

We now reach the period of the commendatory abbots. In 1456 Calixtus III. appointed his celebrated nephew Cardinal Turrecremata to hold the abbey of St. Scholastica; and not long afterwards the *commendam* of this great monastery became a sort of appanage of the Colonnas. We must not, however, overlook the visit of the illustrious Pope Pius II. to the Holy Grotto. It was a visit of devotion. He granted new indulgences to its sanctuary; and whereas up to this time women had only been allowed to enter the sanctuary on certain festivals, he allowed them to enter the churches on all days.

We will not enter into all the troubles which fell upon the monastery during its subjection to the Colonnas. In their wars with Pope Clement VII. in 1526, the castle of Subiaco was taken, stripped of its walls, and the town committed to the flames. Twice the monks were driven from their venerable home, and took refuge at Mount Cassino. Pope Julius III. received the report of their grievances, and sent a legate to Subiaco, and the monks were restored to their monastery. They now thought themselves in tranquil and safe possession; but in the month of February of the following year, a truculent assassin, who, for his monstrous deeds, had gained the name of *Drive the Devil*, broke into the monastery at early dawn with forty-four accomplices. They smashed the doors of the offices with axes, plundered and destroyed whatever they could lay their hands on, drove the monks before them like a flock of sheep, and sent them off with blows. The abbot they wounded cruelly in the arm as he lay in bed; and they then departed, leaving the monastery empty of its monks, and stripped of its valuables.

No sooner had these outrages reached the ears of the Pope than he sent for Cardinal Pole, the protector of the Cassinensian monks, and requested him to take information of the whole transaction. The monks themselves declared, whilst they supplicated the Pope, that they freely forgave the

commendatory all injuries, and felt grateful to the Colonnas for recovering them their monasteries. And the commendatory, fearing the indignation of Pope Julius, expressed his grief at what they had suffered, promised to repair their losses, and gave them an instrument by which he guaranteed their safety for the future. And to show he was in earnest, he executed forty of the brigands; and as to *Drive the Devil*, as he had fled, he condemned him to exile, and levelled his house to the ground, and so it was left for a mark of ignominy.

After the death of Francis Colonna, his brother Mark Antony succeeded him as seventh commendatory. The monks petitioned him for the restoration of their temporalities into their own possession; and, after an amicable reference, they recovered the management of their own affairs. This distinguished man took the interests of the monastery greatly to heart, and did much to repair past evils. But St. Scholastica had now and henceforth its own claustral abbot once more, whilst the commendatory continued to exercise jurisdiction over the ancient territory which had for so many ages been exempted from ordinary episcopal jurisdiction.

Cyril of Montefalco was therefore appointed claustral abbot in the general chapter of 1577. This distinguished man found St. Scholastica almost a ruin. But confiding in God and St. Benedict, he set about its restoration. In the first year he pulled down, rebuilt, and decorated with paintings the chapel of the Blessed Virgin. He also repaired and re-decorated the church in a costly manner, new-levelled the cloisters, and had large vellum books prepared for the choir. In the second year he pulled down the old chapel of St. Nicholas, in which he discovered the body of Blessed Palumbo. The same year he translated the body of St. Chelidonia to the monastery with great pomp; and left written a beautiful account of this translation. In the third year he brought up columns and marbles from the villa of Nero at a great cost, and employed them as embellishments. In the fourth year he built the great dormitory, and the magnificent staircase which leads to it. And, with all these expenses, he left the temporalities in better condition than he found them. Abbot Julius followed, and made improvements at the Holy Grotto. In short, from the time the monks recovered the management of their own affairs, they went on prospering, and maintained their discipline.

The Chronicle concludes in 1628. And I have given the reader this abridgment of it for the purpose of illustrating a great historic fact and a great religious principle. The fact which it so amply illustrates is, the unceasing vigilance and

vigour which the sovereign pontiffs of all ages have exercised in protecting the cradle of the Benedictine order, and the unwearied beneficence with which they have upheld it. And it is but an exemplification of their solicitude, as exhibited in the records of a thousand similar institutions. The principle which this and similar chronicles illustrates is, that *through many tribulations we must enter into the kingdom of God*. If there be another principle, of which this narrative presents a striking exemplification, it is this: that a wise and faithful administration of the temporalities of religion by careful self-denying men is followed by spiritual blessing; whilst carelessness or prodigality in administering the stewardship of God's temporal rights is followed by deterioration of spirit and the relaxation of holy counsels.

The Popes of recent times have emulated their predecessors in the care of these holy retirements. The little room and lowly monastic bed are shown at the Holy Grotto which has been successively occupied by Pius VI., Pius VII., Gregory XVI., and Pius IX. Pius VI., who was the commendatory during his cardinalate, erected the ample collegiate church at Subiaco, built the large seminary, endowed it, and furnished it with a good library; and he made extensive provision for the poor. And no pontiff ever showed a more singular solicitude for Subiaco than Pius IX.; and his generosities, the privileges he has granted, and the reforms he has approved, are recorded in enduring marbles.

Abbot Cassaretto, who presides over both houses, has established at the Holy Grotto a discipline which, after careful consideration and counsel, he considers to be the primitive spirit and exact letter of the rule. There reigns perpetual silence, strict enclosure, the midnight office, and a life given to contemplation and the exclusive study of divine things. The recitation of the divine office strikes one as low-toned, protracted, and monotonous; but the monks themselves say that they find it all the easier both for the voice and for liberty of mind in the exercise of contemplation.

At St. Scholastica the abbot has established the use of a more animated and strenuous chant, which, with its well-marked pauses, sounds to my ear as the perfection of monastical intonation. As this is a house of study, and has a school attached to it, the discipline, though very exact, is less severe. But here also the matins are chanted at midnight. How our meditative fathers loved the watchings of that tranquil hour! But they were neither excited by the stimulants, nor worn by the cares, nor distracted by the eddies and cross-currents of changeable opinion which mark our civilisation.

Ten monks and five novices formed the community of the Holy Grotto, whilst twenty-five monks and fifteen novices were at St. Scholastica, in February last. Sixteen youths, most of whom aspired to the religious state, were in the school. And of the total number of inmates, not less than eighteen were natives of England or Ireland.

The pilgrim said his last Mass at the monastery with a beautiful chalice which had belonged to St. Charles Borromeo; and bidding an affectionate farewell to the community, with reluctant steps he left that sacred solitude, and returned to the Holy City.

Preston Hall,

AND

OUR NEW DIGNITARIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STUMPINGFORD."

CHAPTER XIV.

WE TAKE OUR DEGREES.

THE real hero of this, and so many other histories of England, at length appears; and, as usual, with an increase of honour. On the morning of the day succeeding the revival of the "use of Sarum," at the proper and accustomed hour, the vice-chancellor, both the proctors, and a sufficient number of regent-masters, occupied the dignified room so well known to visitors, the Convocation House of Oxford. All visitors will recollect the approach to it from the vestibule of that matchless divinity school, where theses of heresy are now maintained in direct opposition to the Catholic theses for which it was built. But perhaps every visitor does not recollect, or was not told, that the open space which he traverses between that vestibule and the Convocation House, lying immediately opposite the great entrance to the Sheldonian Theatre, is still called the pig-market. That name gives the history of a period. To such a state of desolation and misery was the university reduced by the outrages of the Reformers under Edward VI., that that divinity school was becoming a ruin. Its windows, full of stained figures of the saints and doctors of the Church, were destroyed, and a pig-market was

actually held under them. The passage of our hero along this historical route—he himself the living representation of so much English history—has made us stop to tell the reader this fragment. We now give ourselves up entirely to the nineteenth century.

The Right Reverend Thomas Small, proceeding from the lodgings of St. Bede's, joined his friend Mr. Walker at the Mitre hotel. There, on the preceding evening, while our friends were engaged as we have seen them, Mr. Walker had gone to welcome his lady, who had arrived from Stumpingford in order to be present at the honours about to be conferred upon her venerable husband. Here, then, the right reverend bishop designate, the principal of St. Bede's, and the Venerable Orlando and Mrs. Walker, partook of a pleasant breakfast at the hotel, the name of which so singularly harmonised with the views of the party. And it is not to be concealed, that the fact of their breakfasting at the Mitre was the cause of a little Christian hilarity.

The moment of departure soon came; and, marshalled by the principal of St. Bede's, the party proceeded as we have described to the Convocation House.

But it is the duty of the historian to attempt to give some description of the individuals themselves; and here we at once confess our great sense of inability to do justice to the occasion. We recollect Mr. Walker in his grand natural state on the platform. But how can we paint the change that has come over this extraordinary man? There is no more white waistcoat; no more great display of cambric chitterlings. A close-fitting, moderately long, black clerical coat, almost Puseyite, encases his portly form. His white cravat is faultless. The redundancy of whisker has disappeared. But, most remarkable of all, we find that Mr. Walker is a scholar. He is familiar with Latin; is not the least averse to Greek; and appears to be on good terms with the names of some of the Fathers. He delivers his sentiments on theological subjects with the air and the ease of one who had begun at an early period of life with St. Thomas's *Summa*. He has already settled irrevocably several cases of conscience in Stumpingford. And the two sermons which he has preached in St. Birinus's, Stumpingford, since Mr. Broadwood left the town, are being printed and circulated as separate pamphlets.

And then, to go a step higher, if that may be said where Walker is the second, how has the bishop designate done it? A year or two ago he was, and looked, the curate. He had a thin voice, a faint smile, a moderately seedy coat, and gave way without a murmur to the bumptiousness of Sanders

Haddie. To see him now. In such an apron. So enlarged in size; with so dignified an appreciation of the Bishop of Zimzam; with such a copiousness of language; such illustration; such home truth; such paternal solicitude; such hopes for the future of Africa; such reminiscences of Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, whose unworthy successor he is; such affecting allusions to the long solitude of that country, and its loss of the episcopate. How has it all been done, in so short a time, and to such great effect? From what recess of the thoracic cavities comes that manly voice, so deep, full, sonorous? If all this is before consecration, what are we to expect when that crisis is passed, and Zimzam is no longer designate, but actual?

The right reverend and venerable are welcomed in the apodyterium by consenting and approving beadles. Certain necessary pecuniary questions are put and answered; and Mrs. Walker is left to behold from a distance the event of the morning. Here too it was witnessed by Mr. Preston and Mr. Broadwood and this historian. The principal of St. Bede's first presented, as in duty bound, his own bishop designate; who accordingly became D.D. The venerable archdeacon, who had attired himself in the apodyterium in a spacious cassock, and an ample preaching gown of an entirely undefinable character, being on the whole an inspiration of Mrs. Walker, was then led up before the vice-chancellor. Be it owned that Oxford, in the persons of those tutelar deities, the vice-chancellor and both the proctors and the regent-masters, a little smiled as she welcomed her new and full-blown son. But it was a smile of extreme good-humour, filled no doubt with complacency at the thought that she too had now secured her Walker.

"Præsentō vobis," said the principal of St. Bede's, "venerabilem hunc virum, jam, religionis et fidei Anglicanæ ergo, in Africâ militaturum, sub tutelâ reverendissimi, quem modo doctoratu cumulâstis, episcopi." Must we translate for our lady friends in Stumpingford? Well: "I present to you this venerable man, now about to militate for the Anglican religion and faith in Africa, under the guidance of the most reverend bishop, upon whom you have just now cumulated the doctorate." At the close of each paragraph, delivered in that Latin for which Oxford has never lost her reputation, though she has lost the habit of speaking it, the venerable archdeacon made an acknowledgment by the inclination of his head to the majestic vice-chancellor, who listened with becoming attention. When the vice-chancellor had made his short and pithy reply, and in a very few words admitted the

presentee to the desired degree of master, the archdeacon, following his bishop, with a slow and satisfied tread reached the apodyterium and Mrs. Walker. There an attendant was ready, who placed upon his broad shoulders the master's gown, and carried off in a bag the domestic fabric, the pledge of Mrs. Walker's assiduity and skill: and the bishop elect of Zimzam having disrobed himself of the splendours of his doctor's degree, the little party—bishop, minister, and wife—stepped into the pig-market with the full consciousness of a mutual patronage existing between Oxford and themselves.

It was a very pleasant dinner, a snug, conversational dinner, in the dining-room at the lodgings at St. Bede's. You will be told when you visit Oxford, as we all have been told who have been there, that the houses of the heads of colleges and halls still retain the ancient name of LODGINGS. We propose to act the part of Aulus Gellius on the occasion, and to set down for posterity a little—not all, but a little—of the table-talk on this Attic night of sober festivity.

We arrive at the period when Mrs. Walker has withdrawn to sit with the lady of the principal of St. Bede's in the drawing-room, and to describe to her new friend how much she was shocked at seeing the late Puseyite minister of a church in Stumpingford, called by such an odd name that no one had ever heard of any where else—St. Birinus, actually in the Convocation House that morning, when the lord bishop and dear Mr. Archdeacon Walker were having their degrees given to them; and how Mr. Preston, a noted neighbouring Popish squire, and the only Popish gentleman in Stumpingford, one of the burgesses, was with him. It was awful, shocking, and so very impudent, and in such bad taste. Was it not? In the dining-room the three friends are seated round a very cosy fire, enjoying a very good glass (*cessantem Bibuli consulis amphoram*) of port bottled in the days of Principal Rumblesmore, and bequeathed by him to his successors.

"Believe me, my dear principal," said the designate, "that nothing lies nearer to my heart, in going upon this distant mission, than the establishment of an independent society, to be called the Zimzam Church Society for Missions to the Roman Catholics. Judging by the effects produced in Ireland by similar exertions, which have in that misguided country been so obviously owned and blessed, I confess I look forward with good hope. I am a poor bishop, as you know."

"Land and irrigation," said the principal, "by the by, may do a good deal. I hope, my lord, by the time you are settled, and have Mrs. Small and a young family around you—"

“Now, really, really, really—” said the designate.

“I know you will forgive me, my lord; but by the time that those events occur, I hope that your see will have much increased in value, and that you will be able to assert and maintain the dignity of a Protestant episcopate.”

“Well,” said the elect, recovering from an inevitable and affable smile, “I am a poor bishop now, at all events, as I said. My revenue is but a thousand a-year. But you know how poor our dear brethren the Irish bishops are. Indeed, their incomes were always overstated—*now*, very grossly. They, you know, out of their deep poverty, have been able to give but little of the things of this world. Our missions, although within their dioceses, are mainly fed from England. We have been able to send them from this country about forty thousand a-year. And with that mere pittance, how many missions have we established, quite new ones—how many devoted catechists and ministers have we sent—how many Bibles and tracts we have distributed—and how immense a quantity of soup, flannel, and other such-like necessities has been awarded to our converts as the prize for steadfastness and faith and well-doing!”

The principal, who was quite of the elect’s way of thinking, but knew a little more accurately how things really were, rather flinched at this homely statement.

“Your success, my dear lord,” said he, “in Zimzam, will, with far less means, no doubt exceed our Irish successes. I am afraid that a good many in that unhappy country are not converts of the heart, but only of the mouth and the back.”

“I trust not, Mr. Principal. But in any case, and under all discouragements, with *diverging* means, and *converging* ends, I propose to establish fundamentally, on the broadest basis, our Zimzam Church Missions to the Roman Catholics.”

“Are there any Roman Catholics in your new diocese?”

“The extent of my diocese is so vast,” said the elect, looking round at Walker—who, advancing his hand rapidly to his face, seemed as if he was going to touch his nose, but finally rubbed his chin very hard—“that it must contain a great many. I am not, indeed, entitled by my patent to Hippo, which is now in the possession of our illustrious ally the Emperor of the French. Politically, therefore, I have no jurisdiction in Hippo. But, considering that a bishop sent by the Pope presides over Algeria, and claims Hippo, and that my diocese certainly touches that, I may say that, spiritually, I have a great many Roman Catholics approximatively confided to my care. That I shall find them to the southward, and more nearly approaching the diocese of my brother of Cape Town,

I cannot doubt. Those in the south of central Africa, who are not under his jurisdiction, will be under mine. So, my dear friend and archdeacon and myself have been for some weeks past preparing a stock of tracts of a suitable character. Archdeacon, tell the principal a little of what we have been doing in this matter."

"Mr. Principal," said the archdeacon, "we have done a good deal, considering the time. For French soldiers now we have got several very choice little things. Here are a few of the titles." The archdeacon referred to a capacious Letts which he pulled from his pocket.

"The archdeacon is going to make a Letts into a sort of *speculum gregis* by and by, when we get out to Zimzam."

The archdeacon simpered, and read. "'*Prières de l'enfer.*' This, Mr. Principal, is a short account of the Litany of Loretto, as they call it. '*Le Bienheureux Jean Calvin, évêque de Genève.*' You see, Mr. Principal, we call him *évêque* although he did not in fact embrace episcopacy, in order to attract the attention of the French better. They believe in bishops, you know, quite as much as we do."

"Quite, quite," said the elect.

"Perhaps rather more," said the principal, quietly.

"Another has a sweetly-touching inquiry for title, '*Voulez-vous être Chrétien?*' It is very good, written by a dear young friend of ours, who is going out with us as catechist and candidate for the ministry, a Mr. Shadrach Krummacher, a youth of much promise, who has had large and fruitful experience in home-mission work and Scripture-reading in Stumpingford. He goes to the bottom of the whole thing, I assure you. He says that Popery is anti-Christian, and so makes a very sweet and tender answer to the inquiry. As for English tracts, we are fully supplied by the Documentary-Evidence and Exposure-of-Antichrist Society. Here are a few: 'Sabbath Afternoons with the Dominicans in Rome;' 'Tuesday Mornings with the Franciscans;' 'Proper disrespect for the Virgin Mary;' 'Documentary Evidence, showing that St. Patrick was a resident Irish private gentleman of the Protestant persuasion.' But I won't read you any more titles, Mr. Principal; you will guess the character of all from these. The 'Tuesday Mornings with the Franciscans in Rome' is a very wonderful book indeed. I would rather," said Mr. Walker, meditatively, "I think, possess that book than most of the folios in my library."

Folios in his library! Excellent, astonishing man.

"Yes," said the elect, "that book is wonderful. There you see how the foolish people in Rome go and kneel down, and,

without saying any thing at all, without even making their confession, of which they talk so much, get absolved from all their sins, and get a plenary indulgence too, to do whatever they like—whatever they like—by a tap on the head from a long fishing-rod in the hand of a man sitting in a box in the church."

"Indeed!" said the principal; "well, can this really be true? Have you inquired into it?"

"No," said the elect, "we haven't made any inquiry. The writer is a very learned man; at least the *Biblical Observer* declares him to be so. And he assures us he saw it done himself. He mentioned it to one of the Franciscans afterwards, who betrayed marks of the most dreadful confusion on hearing it, went away instantly, and was picked up in the Tiber next morning jammed by the stream against the Ponte Rotto."

"Very extraordinary," said the principal, "very. But besides these tracts which you propose to disseminate, my lord, what is the general scheme of operations which you propose to adopt with regard to our erring brethren of the Roman Catholic faith?"

"Meetings, sermons, lectures, disputes, domiciliary visits—these are the mechanism of our system. And it is a fixed principle always to reward our converts well. Just as we have seen, in our own dear native country, the word preached, so we propose to preach it in Zimzam. Any Roman Catholics will be affectionately invited to attend. We shall then at once faithfully state the truth, that the Pope is Antichrist; Rome, Babylon; and that they ought to come out of her. Clothes, tracts, Bibles, and soup will be given freely."

"We shall imitate, my dear sir," added the archdeacon, summing up, "the boldness of Augustine against the Pelagians."

The principal a little opened his eyes. He knew something of the writings of St. Augustine.

"Not, of course," said the archdeacon, "that I entirely, and without reserve, mention Augustine with approval; for even he, great luminary of the western Church as he was, shared the delusion of his age, and has said some incautious things, which have given a handle to modern papists."

"You see," said elect Small, with chastened festivity of manner, and great rotatory chafing of his hands, "that I have not chosen an archdeacon who is unable to confute the adversary."

"Pray go on, Mr. Archdeacon," said the principal.

"Why," said that dignitary, "in my reading within the last year, since my retirement from the world, I have been

much in Augustine, *quem semper*, I may say, with a great bishop of our church, *in deliciis habui*. And, you know, he actually gives a list of Popes—Popes, sir—down to his own time, beginning with Peter—actually with Peter.”

“Quite true,” said the principal, quietly as before.

“And, worse than this, he positively says that the souls of the departed are benefited by the sacrifice of the altar. This he says in his Enchiridion concerning Faith, Hope, and Charity. This is clearly Popery in its most unmitigated form.”

“So it is,” said the principal; “and therefore I, for one, am always shy of quoting the Fathers, Augustine among them. For, if we quote them for one thing when they are with us, the Puseyites—I need not tell you how much that name means in this place—quote them against us on their side; and the Papists quote them with still greater force against both parties. So, as a matter of prudence, I always advise our zealous young men to fight the battle without the Fathers; for they will find them like the elephants in a battle, as dangerous to us as they think they are to our foes. Nevertheless Augustine’s boldness against the Pelagians certainly was admirable. To conclude this pleasant evening,” said the principal, who was not only a man of learning, but also, as the reader will have seen, a man of discretion, “permit me, my dear friend, to fill my glass before we join the ladies, and drink to the health of the bishop elect of Zimzam, the archdeacon, and their future prospects.” So then they went to the drawing-room. After family prayers by the bishop elect, at the close of which he gave his benediction, the party separated. Mr. Archdeacon and Mrs. Walker retired to the Mitre; and the happy day closed.

CHAPTER XV.

MOST REVEREND FATHER IN GOD, WE PRESENT UNTO YOU THIS GODLY
AND WELL-LEARNED MAN TO BE ORDAINED AND CONSECRATED
BISHOP.

LAMBETH is a very fine place. It has a good many recollections by no means favourable to our Protestant institutions. Elects who get consecration there now, according to the modern ideas of consecration, which we understand Sanders Haddie holds in great contempt, are not consecrated so as to be at all like those who were consecrated before Cranmer’s times, except in the natural circumstance of possessing, as there is good

reason to believe, the same anatomical confirmation. Beyond the natural man, all resemblance in consecrators and consecrated has long and for ever ceased.

But these reflections,—so natural to Catholics, and so obvious on a sight of the place where the last true Archbishop of Canterbury expired, and with him the Catholic soul of England, as England once was,—probably never occurred to the minds of the little ministerial and family party who appeared at Lambeth one Sunday morning, shortly after our last chapter and breakfast, to witness the giving whatever amount of consecration the Bishop of Ribchester and two episcopal friends could contrive among them. But without, or with, these reflections, every thing was done in solemn Protestant order. The patent giving jurisdiction was read; and, towards one o'clock in the afternoon, the Lord Bishop of Zimzam, accompanied by the archdeacon and Mrs. Walker, issued from Lambeth Chapel, complete and perfect *secundum usum Cranmer*.

During the week following, the lord bishop sat for his portrait to Sir Giles Summerton. The portrait was the consequence of a subscription got up in Stumpingford and Soupington, headed by the duke, seconded by the marquis, thirdded by the Rev. Dr. Montfort Smith, and well filled-up by the town-council and inhabitants of Stumpingford. They desired to have the portrait of so distinguished a man among them. It was to be placed in the Townhall. We are glad to be able to say that it now hangs there, immediately between the pictures of the first Lord Soupington and the present duke, and is a very great ornament to the room. The beauty of it is, that it is not a mere portrait,—not a mere man, with a round table, an inkstand, an impossible pillar and curtain, and an open window. Sir Giles Summerton was above all this. When your turn comes, my dear Protestant friend and reader, and you go out as, let us say for example, first Protestant Bishop of Bickerstethtown, and have your picture taken as a consolation for your friends if you should be caught and immured in the dungeons of the Inquisition on your way, you will find that his genius will give an aptitude to his representation of all your circumstances. The Bishop of Zimzam is represented in a standing posture in the centre of the foreground. In the background, at a moderate distance, quite near enough to allow the introduction of architectural detail, stands what appears to be a cathedral church. We sincerely regret, for the sake of the Ecclesiological late Cambridge Camden Society, to say that, although the buttresses have received a most unaffected treatment, the character of the design is

clearly third pointed. Opposite to the left hand of the spectator, in the background, appears a village stretching some way back, with busy inhabitants of dusky complexions. The bishop, arrayed in what the newspapers always describe as "full canonicals," holds in his left hand, extended down his side, the Oxford square cup. The tassel hangs gracefully below the trencher. His right arm lifted up to the sky, but bending back in the direction of the village, holds, quite open, a pocket Bible of the authorised Protestant version, with gilt edges, and bound in limp calf. On his right, on the ground, lie a crucifix, a large rosary, and an image of our Blessed Lady. The attitude given to the legs intimates that his lordship is on the point of walking over these objects. His countenance, upon which the artist has thrown all the lustre of his skill, beams with animation, and seems to be divided between confidence in the excellent and authorised version which he holds in his hand, and the prospect of immediately setting his foot upon the cross, and the images of Jesus Christ and His Blessed Mother.

Before being put up in the Townhall of Stumpingford, the hanging committee of our provincial exhibition, without a moment's hesitation, accepted it; and accordingly the world may be said to be so well acquainted with it, that many of our readers will bear witness to the sincerity with which we have attempted to interpret the motive of the great artist in this important work.

The history of Zimzam has yet to be written. That a great future is open to that place, who now can doubt? In the short interval which has elapsed since the sailing of the Bishop of Zimzam and his lady—for he fulfilled the wish of the principal of St. Bede's, and married a young lady of independent fortune the week before sailing—accompanied by Mr. Archdeacon and Mrs. Walker, and Mr. and Mrs. Krummacher, we have only heard enough to assure us that every thing is going on in a fair way to reproduce the England of Mr. Horace Mann, and his census, and something more. In contracting the obligations of holy matrimony, the bishop assured his friends that he hoped to take with him an efficient, real, working sister of charity. The wives of ministers, he said—and his sentiment has since been copied by a distinguished Anglican writer—are the real sisters of charity. They have been so for three centuries. That was his view of a minister's wife. We fear, however, that in the charge of her flock Mrs. Small may be encountering external difficulties.

The bishop, soon after his arrival in Central Africa, found, on a journey up the country, that polygamy was still the prac-

tice among ladies and gentlemen of considerable social position in the native villages. In point of fact, the Duke of Mumbo introduced to the lord bishop, on the day when he entered the village of Mumbo pontifically, seven duchesses, who all vied with each other in preparing and setting before the new Obi man a great variety of oleaginous viands, considered of the highest range of culinary art within the diocese. This was startling. But, aided by his own sister of charity—who hated the six last duchesses immensely, but ate with smiles the mess of the chronologically first duchess; aided also by his grand archdeacon and the Krummachers—the bishop at once made an exposition to these inconvenient magnates on the social impropriety of their arrangements. His success was not equal to his zeal. Having taught them to read, they nevertheless obstinately maintained that there was no possible harm in polygamy; and said point blank, that unless their customs, which they had received from their fathers, were let alone by the new teacher, they not only would have nothing to do with him, but would drive him and his party out. To the bishop's immortal honour, he entertained and expressed his convictions. He saw nothing himself under those peculiar circumstances which should make polygamy a sin. They had been accustomed to that law for ages untold. He thought it would be unchristian, and contrary to the gospel, if he should rudely break it through. He accordingly admitted them to the Protestant sacrament; and the villages of Zimzam Proper are polygamical and tranquil. Writing home to the Documentary-Evidence and Exposure-of-Antichrist Society, he stated these facts. And, referring to the poet Milton, "May we not," said he, "almost call him the Divine poet! That great luminary of our country argues at length on the lawfulness of polygamy, not only in exceptional, but also in ordinary cases. Should we not, then, allow to our new converts that Christian liberty which the great poet of Christianity claims for all?"

The society read and acquiesced. Whether you will also acquiesce, excellent reader, is not a question for this historian. But the sentiments of Milton you may see and read for yourself at the price of three shillings and sixpence, or less, in one of the volumes of his works recently issued by Mr. Bohn, in which we have ourselves had the pleasure of perusing them.*

* The Bishop of Zimzam is not alone in the Protestant episcopacy in his sentiments on this point of theology. The Right Rev. J. W. Colenso, Protestant Bishop of Natal, published in 1855 his *Ten Weeks in Natal: a Journal of a first Tour of Visitation among the Colonists and Zulu-Kafirs of Natal*. In this work, speaking of Kafirs with several wives, he says: "I must confess that I feel very strongly on this point, that the usual practice of enforcing the separation of

We also learn that the Reverend Peabody, not long after the sailing of the Bishop of Zimzam, tested the strength of alliance principles by embarking himself and Mrs. Peabody, and half-a-dozen of his persuasion, for the same new sphere of labour. On arriving, he constituted what he described in his letter to the *Stumpingford Banner* as a Baptist Church. Now the Rev. Mr. Small, curate of Soupington-cum-d'Umping, was both hand and glove, as we have seen, with gentlemen of the views and position of the Rev. Peabody. But the Right Reverend Doctor Small, Lord Bishop of Zimzam, the successor of St. Augustine, with a diocese touching upon Hippo, was a very different person. And the Rev. Peabody, on approaching the episcopal presence in Zimzam with a confidence in the recollection of the Rev. Thomas Small, found he had reckoned entirely without his host; and that, in fact, the Bishop of Zimzam was no host at all to him, and refused him not only his hand, but even his glove. And went into it very seriously too. He assured Mr. Peabody that, however, under other and very different circumstances, he might have gone very great lengths in smoothing over certain fundamental difficulties, here in Zimzam, his diocese, where he was the representative of the pure and apostolic branch established in England, and, in short, a candlestick set in the sight of all men—here, with the most perfect feelings of brotherly love and toleration, he must nevertheless be held excused from giving countenance to the introduction of a schism in his flock.

Poor Peabody; a schism! He felt that these were different times to that when he stood on the platform at Stumpingford with notoriety, and was blatant against the Protestant bishop. Protestant episcopacy had him now. So he retired from the Protestant episcopal palace of Zimzam a wiser, if not a prouder man, than when he entered it. And the backsliding of Protestant episcopacy was duly bewailed in the next number of the *Particular-Baptist Gospel Herald*, in a letter from the Rev. Peabody to that publication: in which he further announced the consoling fact, that the Church having been duly constituted, he had succeeded in making one convert, in whose stability he had, he hoped, reasonable grounds of confidence.

wives from their husbands upon their conversion to Christianity is quite unwarrantable, and opposed to the plain teaching of our Lord. . . . And what is the use of our reading to them the Bible-stories of Abraham, Israel, and David, with their many wives?"

Really, we ask with the bishop, what is the use of his doing so? We beg our readers not to be satisfied with this small extract. We have only quoted enough to clear our friend Dr. Small from an appearance of singularity. Dr. Colenso goes into the question very fully.

Under these circumstances, our reader will not be surprised at hearing that Father Bonaventure, and three friars of his order, have arrived at Zimzam, and have actually gathered around them a congregation of the very sort of people for whom those charming *rouleaux* of tracts were provided by the bishop and archdeacon. This Father Bonaventure was also himself the very man to have appeared on that spot. He is a Franciscan, and is that very brother of the order whom the Rev. Terence Bangles, the author of the "Tuesday mornings with the Franciscans," had so well described as being drowned in the Tiber. The Archdeacon Walker alluded to this circumstance in preaching to his congregation of twelve souls, including the English ladies, in the Protestant cathedral of Zimzam: as we have all had the opportunity of seeing in the last annual report of the Documentary-Evidence and Exposure-of-Antichrist Society, in which copious extracts are given of this great performance. He described it as the last and crowning instance of the craft, hypocrisy, and deceit of the great apostasy, the name by which the archdeacon usually describes the Church of Christ; a convincing proof, to all who had hearts to believe, of the honesty and truthfulness of the Rev. Terence Bangles.

But in spite of the distribution of the tracts, French and English, the Franciscans, working under the blessing of the successor of St. Peter, have succeeded in collecting out of heathendom a true flock, who regularly, as often as they find them dropped at their doors, or otherwise foisted upon them, burn these documents with the utmost disregard to the feelings of the distributors. We are not surprised at reading in the reports of the Documentary-Evidence and Exposure-of-Antichrist Society that the work prospers; that their dear devoted brethren in England must strengthen their hands; that thousands of tracts have been given away, and that they want thousands more. On this and such points the nervous English of the colonial bishop has excited much remark. He is said to remind people of the great divines—those giants of the seventeenth century. Robust in faith, sound in judgment, faithful in driving away all erroneous doctrines, he is said to unite the sobriety of Hooker the judicious with the unction of Baxter. His sentences constantly begin with "whereas;" and end with "thereto," "thereof," and "the same." His style is quite a happy amalgam of the sonorous Saxon of the "authorised" version and a Chancery brief. The home authorities are therefore always taking courage; and fresh speeches at Exeter Hall, and fresh long and strong pulls in the provinces, concur in sending—"out of their deep poverty," of

course — fresh *rouleaux* of sovereigns and more Protestant “authorised” versions, and additional thousands of tracts, better and sweeter and more polygamic than before.

And here, after this hurried and imperfect sketch of the last phase of the career of a great Protestant colonial bishop, and the greatest of all Protestant archdeacons, at home or abroad, we quit them both, with a reluctance which we hope is not peculiar to ourselves.

Farewell, Small and Walker. Farewell, *Dii minorum gentium*,—divinities of the lesser nations,—as Mr. Conybeare calls his own colonial bishops, with a good deal deeper meaning than any translation can give. May you long live such. May Walker ever animate your councils, direct your missions, preach your sermons, and send home your reports. May he duly arrive at the episcopate. And when that great moment arrives in which Protestant episcopacy shall venture upon a new archbishopric, may Walker become HIS GRACE, in health and wealth long to live. Then, with the glorious pattern of the modern Jerusalem Chamber, and the “synodical action” of the Protestant convocation in England, under the enlightened presidency of Dr. Sumner, and with the wise precedent afforded by Dr. Sumner’s majestic appearance in the Guildhall at Bath to judge and to hear Mr. Denison, we may be certain that his deliberations and definitions and decrees will have the same effect and the same acceptance; and will bear abroad and at home the stamp of the power and the influence and the immortal name of WALKER.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOME.

THE poet who has declared in so sweet verses that, be it never so humble, there’s no place like home, had not visited, or, if he had ever visited, had forgot some places in London, Liverpool, Stumpingford, and elsewhere, which we could have pointed out to him. These places,—homes indeed, because inhabited without intermission till death by our fellow-creatures,—are not such as attract the attention of the poet when he speaks of the delightful associations with which men invest that which every body wishes to be his refuge.

Furniture, nothing. Food, nothing. Clothes, almost nothing. Money, nothing. Fire, nothing. These black items of nonentity, told off on the credit side of that book which is not balanced in Threadneedle Street, give the short and tremendous history of thousands of men and women who live under

the shadow of the great renowned constitution and government of England—actually under the Bill of Rights, Habeas Corpus, Established and Nonconformist “Churches,” Gospel Ministries of the most various and conflicting hues, Protestant-Alliance, Evangelical-Alliance, Scripture-Reader, and Home-Missionary, and Missions-to-the-Roman-Catholics Boards—all these; already known by their fruits. The ledger will be balanced some day. And, no doubt, angelic accountants will find a balance different from that which would be struck by the accountants practised in the courts of bankruptcy.

In the midst of these horrors the spirit of Christianity still survives. But it survives only among the poor Catholics. We make this little beginning, not very cheerful in its way as far as regards this world, because we are going to end as we began with a home, which is one in every sense of the word, at Preston Hall. There are many such; and we are not going to claim for that house any greater distinction than that it represents, and is, as far as human frailty permits, what the house of a Christian gentleman ought to be; and one which is, in affluence, what the homes of the poor Catholics, who have found an honest chronicler in Mr. Mayhew, are, in the midst of the wreck of every thing human and divine by which they are surrounded and harassed. When country houses generally were like Preston Hall, no Mayhew would have had such a tale to tell of London.

We find Mr. and Mrs. Preston at home, with Alfred and Mabel a little bigger than when we last saw them, and Mr. Broadwood. Mr. Preston is showing Mr. Broadwood the house. Mr. Broadwood is of course very anxious to see all those things and places in it which we have talked of in the former chapters of this present part of our history. They are walking up the great staircase out of the hall. Mr. Broadwood pauses before two large portraits that hang on the wall.

“I am sure, Mr. Preston,” said he, “you will let me ask you about these two portraits?”

He had already seen the two paintings representing the scenes in Father Alfred Preston’s life which we have before described.

“I think,” said Mr. Broadwood, “if I may say so, I never saw a grander face than that lady’s.”

“Well, she deserves your notice. She was all that she looks, and has come down to us quite as a great tradition. She is Apollonia Stumpyngford, the wife of my ancestor, Father Alfred Preston’s brother. She it is who appears in that painting down below. It was she who, with so much skill and firmness, brought up her children in those dreadful

days; so that, under all oppressions, they never lost their faith. We have a small quarto book of hers up-stairs, which you may see, in which she put down in very short notes things as they occurred—in a very crabbed hand, as we should call it now, like a bad imitation of Gothic types. She notes the death of Father Alfred, and of his brother my ancestor, in few, solemn, resigned words; and always seems to mention when she could get Masses said for them. She tells, too, whenever a priest could get here to say Mass and hear confessions; in what disguises they arrived, what dangers they met with in coming and going; how the common enemy, the wretched Elizabeth and her successive advisers and lovers, passed away; how hopes rose when James I. got the crown; how hopes were good for nothing; the powder-plot, and the continued persecution during James's reign; till at last the pen falls from that fair and vigorous hand: and an entry made by her son relates that the good and dear writer of that book died the week after her last date, in the year 1620. She lies buried in the aisle of Preston Church, which belongs to us."

"And the priest; who is he?" said Mr. Broadwood, looking at the other portrait. "I presume he was a Jesuit, from his habit?"

"That," said Mr. Preston, "is Father Alfred Preston himself."

So, then, having seen the martyr, and the sister who had protected him, they went on to the little old chapel up-stairs and the hiding-holes. Mr. Broadwood, to whom all these things had the freshness of a romance found out to be no romance, but reality, looked at them with incredible delight. "Why, Mr. Preston," said he,—“why don't you old Catholics, to whom, humanly speaking, such as I am owe every thing,—why don't you edify us all by giving an account of those things which you have under your hands? Next to Bishop Challoner's missionary priests, I can scarcely think any thing would be more effectual in giving a picture of things as they really were than an account of all the old hiding-places in which those very priests were secreted. How much people think of the places where Charles II. was hidden in Staffordshire, after the battle of Worcester. And yet these very places were nothing but the hiding-holes of priests."

"Very true," said Mr. Preston; "I quite agree with you. I wish it was done. Perhaps some day we may see it done."

"Do you know," said Mr. Broadwood, "that there are a great many people living in this country, who wear good coats, and are people of the strictest veracity and honour on all other subjects, who nevertheless will scarcely listen when

they are told of the long protracted butcheries of Elizabeth and her successors?"

"I know it very well," said Mr. Preston. "Montfort Smith is one; the Duke of Soupington another. Of course, you can expect nothing from the common herd, when those who ought to know better live in an atmosphere of falsehood. They have published a map lately, with little fires in different places upon it, to show where people were burned in Queen Mary's time. What a map *we* could make, with gallows and little fires, and human blood and bowels frying upon them.—But they would not believe it."

With this, and such-like talk, they wandered over the house; and met together in the drawing-room. There sat, there often sits—and long may she sit, till God gives her what is better—the Apollonia of that house in this century; quite ready, and quite equal, to take the same part which was taken by the Apollonia whose dust lies in the Preston aisle till a great day. Mr. Broadwood, in the midst of these new, but already kind and valued friends—in the midst of friendships which had already become associations—discussed with willing hearers and advisers his future plans of life. Difficulties lay before him, such as all converts to the Catholic faith in this country know. Was he to be a priest? Was he to remain a layman? All this was not in his own hands. Where should he live? what should he do? The first question was soon answered. Preston Hall was big enough for him as long as he chose to stay there. So here Alfred and Mabel took up the conversation with pleasant entreaties that he would not go away from them; for he had already taken Alfred some most charming rides, and was the most skilful of fishermen. Little Mabel, too, was exceedingly glad to have discovered a new friend, who was not at all tired with walking about the garden with her, and paying all possible attention to Exton's canaries, which still survive in fullest feather and song. Her little dog, too, of the most genuine Stuart's-dog lineage, had to be rolled about with, and in all ways made fun with. This little dog is promised a dog-hole of the future, in painted and gilded wood, with bells, adapted by Mr. Broadwood, who is a very clever modeller, from a plan of a kirche on the Rhine, designed for the United Evangelical Lemon-and-Kali Confession, by the Chevalier Ernst von Pobbelsen.

So here we shall make another parting; and we willingly, and without hesitation as to the result, stake Preston Hall against the Protestant episcopacy of Zimzam, for this world and the next. Adieu, then, Prestons. Adieu, Preston Hall—old, faithful, and true; mother and nurse of constancy and

martyrdom. May you flourish, if it is not too large a wish, till right has its own again. If this is too much, yet to be for ever a fortress against wrong.

A CANONISED CONTROVERSIALIST.

IF we were to see a person hold fire in his hand, swallow poison, or allow himself to be bitten by venomous serpents with impunity, we should treat him either as a conjuror, a devil, or a saint. Anyhow he would exercise a vast influence over our imaginations; and there is no saying to what his example might not lead us. A virtuous apostate, provided he has no hole in his head, is a similar portent; he is a "sign of life" to Puseyites, a subject of lectures in Zions and Ebenezers, and a crux to Catholics. Though ascetic works are not wanting in examples of reputed saints being real sinners, who practised horrible austerities in lieu of making confession or relinquishing a vice, yet when we see the fact spread before our eyes, the lessons which have been intrusted to the duller ears fade away from the mind, and we are inclined to say with the poet, "he can't be wrong whose life is in the right." Dr. John Donne is precisely one of these persons, whose splendid talents and exemplary morals, as painted in Isaak Walton's well-known biographical romance, might be a fruitful cause of scandal. But a very slight examination of facts will both convict the biographer of dishonesty, and strip the mask from a man who is probably but too favourable a sample of the "great Anglican divines" of the seventeenth century.

Donne, as Walton tells us, was born in London, in 1573, of "good and virtuous" Catholic parents; his mother was a descendant of the glorious Sir Thomas More. For ten years he was brought up in his father's house; but evidently not instructed in religion. Probably he was not told explicitly to what Church his parents belonged, nor allowed to know the places where the persecuted "recusants" assembled to assist at the Holy Sacrifice. Such perilous information was not imparted to children; from whom Topcliffe, and the other brutal priest-catchers of that melancholy period, knew too well how to wheedle their secrets. In his eleventh year he was sent to Oxford, where Protestantism practised no such reticence. But he left that university in his fourteenth year without a degree, in consequence of his friends' objections to the oaths. He then migrated to Cambridge; but took no degree there.

Most men of note of those times appear to have left the universities in the same incomplete condition, probably for the same reasons—their own, or their friends' scruples about the oaths. The only wonder is, not that the boys were thus removed, but that they were sent at all, to drink in the first undisguised lessons of religion from the sneers of vicious companions, or the lectures of proselytising tutors. But English Catholics have never sufficiently realised the dangers of a mixed education, either in those days of inexperience and trial, or in the present age, which ought to be so strongly illuminated with the dear-bought knowledge of the past. At the age of seventeen Donne came up to London, and studied law at Lincoln's Inn. His father now died, leaving him a portion of about 3000*l.*, in which his expensive tastes soon made a great gap; but his mother and guardians watched him narrowly, and provided him with the best tutors to complete his education in the liberal sciences, but more especially in the Catholic religion, which, says Walton, they professed, though in secret. "These persons," he adds, "had almost obliged him to their faith, having for their advantage, beside many opportunities, the example of his dear and pious parents; which was a most powerful persuasion, and did work much upon him." According to the same authority, at the age of eighteen he began to feel at sea with regard to religion, and to suspect that either schism was no sin, or that adherence to some visible Church was necessary; hence the next year he laid aside all other studies to give himself to theology, and by the time he was twenty he was a confirmed Protestant, with a most pious and plenary assurance of his own salvation. In 1610, and his thirty-seventh year, at the command of the king, he published a book entitled *Pseudo-Martyr*; intended to throw dirt on the glories of his own house; to prove that Sir Thomas More suffered not for the faith, but for a wrong-headed notion; and to remove the public sympathy from the hundreds of thousands of poor suffering victims of the infernal policy of the court,—who were daily being deprived of their estates, having their goods and chattels sold, and, under the pressure of impossible fines, being driven forth from house and home, to wander in the streets, to die under the hedges, to fill the gaols and bridewells, to be shipped off by hundreds to foreign shores, or to die the death of felons and traitors on the gallows,—by pretending that they were only the victims of a contemptible delusion. In the preface to this book he thus unctuously describes his own conversion:

"I used," he says, "no inordinate haste nor precipitation in binding my conscience to any local religion. I had a longer work

to do than many other men; for *I was first to blot out certain impressions of the Roman religion*, and to wrestle both against the examples and against the reasons by which some hold was taken, and some anticipations early laid, upon my conscience, both by persons who by nature had a power and superiority over my will, and others who, by their learning and good life, seemed to me justly to claim an interest for the guiding and rectifying of my understanding in these matters. And although I apprehended well enough that this irresolution not only retarded my fortune, but also bred some scandal, and endangered my spiritual reputation, by laying me open to many misinterpretations; yet all these respects did not transport me to any violent and sudden determination, till I had, to the measure of my poor wit and judgment, surveyed and digested the whole body of divinity controverted between ours and the Roman Church. In which search and disquisition that God which awakened me then, and hath never forsaken me in that industry, as He is the author of that purpose, so is He a witness of this protestation—that I behaved myself, and proceeded therein, with humility and diffidence in myself, and by that which by His grace I took to be the ordinary means, which is, frequent prayer, and *equal and indifferent affections*.”

We need not waste much time on the inconsistencies of this profession, which commences with the “work” of “blotting out Catholic impressions,” and of wrestling against the example and reasons “of his friends,” and ends with calling God to witness how he held himself all the time balanced “in equal and indifferent affections;” though he does not tell us that he spent a moment in blotting out the impressions of his university education, in wrestling against the example and reasons of his tavern friends, and in combating the temptations of ease and wealth held out to him by the dominant religion; for which he confesses that he had a sharp eye, when he scanned the retarding of his fortune, the scandal, and the danger to his spiritual reputation. It is a fatal mistake at any time to introduce the Cartesian doubt into religion, to say, *Cras credemus, hodie nihil*; to uproot faith even provisionally and hypothetically from our souls, in order to leave our judgments unbiased for the selection of a theological system. What a comment on the Protestant doctrine, that the soul of man, without grace and faith, is capable of nothing but evil, when a man, immediately he strips himself of grace and faith, becomes a Protestant! Faith can only come by grace; but Donne will not have the faith that comes by grace; he uproots whatever his parents have planted, he destroys all that his tutors have built; he strips himself of the garment that was given him, and he steps out naked to the battle, to win or to weave a garment for himself. He will advance, not by addition, but by destruction; in order to increase his store, he

takes away from it. Instead of at least preserving what he had, and tending and developing it, he sought the truth by destroying that which he already possessed. And then the poor naked self-confident soul stood forth as a judge between the two religions: the new basking in the smiles of a brilliant and polished court, with all the prestige of fashion and gentlemanly bearing, and wealth and literature; and the old religion wandering about in sheepskins and goatskins, holding secret conventicles in cellars and garrets, proscribed by law, continually suffering whipping, fines, imprisonment, hanging, drawing, quartering; paying a hundred marks for hearing Mass (half to the informer), besides one year's imprisonment; paying twenty pounds a month for neglecting to attend any "usual place of common prayer," or forfeiting all its goods, and two-thirds of its estates, to the crown. Can there be a doubt to which of these all human motives would incline? And Donne will only judge by human motives: he has denied the faith once given him, he has banished it from his soul; and he promises himself the power of restoring it at will. Vain hope! He may build up in its place opinions, theories, and systems of philosophy, but not faith.

But, not to insist on this fundamental error, which, after his education, may have been a mistake rather than a fault, let us see whether the witness which he bears to his own humility, diffidence, and virtue is confirmed by independent testimony. It is rather a strong measure to believe that a young man of nineteen should in one year "survey and digest the whole body of divinity controverted between the Churches." But Donne was a precocious juvenile, as readers of his poems will easily allow. Young men of nineteen have souls to save; and we will never follow the example of Protestants in discouraging them, on account of their age, from applying themselves to the study of theology. We know the scowls of Oxford tutors when freshmen display an indiscreet curiosity about Dr. Pusey, or any other theological celebrity. We know how contemptuously they speak of the conversion of Ben Jonson at the age of nineteen. We know how they object to the body of late converts, whose average age was perhaps from four- to eight-and-twenty, that they were mere raw boys and girls, unfit to form any opinions about religion, much less to teach mature men and women. We declare, on the contrary, that the mind of the boy is often clear and logical about religious matters, which the mind of the man involves in a hopeless mist of nonsense and hypocrisy. Donne, if we trust Izaak Walton's impressions, was a child of this kind; a model of tender piety, if not of virgin purity. He can only find one mistake or crime

in his whole life; and that is, a marriage which he clandestinely contracted, in his twenty-ninth year, with a lady who was also old enough to judge for herself. This, says honest Izaak, was the *great error* of his life. Whatever there may be of dishonour in the private secretary of a lord chancellor using his opportunities to make love to his employer's niece, and marrying her against her father's consent, we can see no crime here; and, if we could, it would be little to our purpose, for Donne had long ago finished his religious inquiries.

But the next paragraph of the biographer will set us upon a surer and more productive scent. "The recreations of his youth were poetry;" the occasional pieces of which, "facetiously composed and carelessly scattered," were "most of them written *before the twentieth year of his age*." So here we have Walton insinuating that Donne only gave himself to this amusement during his Catholic days; that his conversion to Protestantism was the signal for his relinquishing facetious and careless composition. "It is a truth," he proceeds, "that in his penitential years, viewing some of those pieces that had been loosely (God knows, too loosely!) scattered in his youth, he wished they had been abortive, or so short-lived, that his own eyes had witnessed their funerals." Izaak certainly would have us understand, not that Donne wished he had never written the verses in question, but that they had not been so successful, so long-lived, as to inconvenience the gravity of the learned doctor and the pious Dean of St. Paul's with the inconsistent evidences of his youthful facetiousness. A reader would scarcely suspect the real character of the poems from these modified and apologetic regrets of the author and the biographer. Those who have taken the trouble to read his wonderful medley of "facetious" and "divine" songs will be tempted to judge them somewhat more harshly. His "loose" poetry is certainly so loose, that we wonder why the "French-letter" shops of Holywell Street do not expose for sale a selection of it among the other obscene publications that defile their dirty windows.

But is honest Izaak to be trusted when he would make it appear that Donne put off Popery and phallic poetry at once? Ben Jonson, who is a better authority than Walton,—for he was one of Donne's companions in the convivialities of the Mermaid,—gives quite a different date for the culmination of his powers. The great dramatist told William Drummond of Hawthornden that Donne wrote all his best pieces before he was *twenty-five* years of age. And from the scrap of information that follows, it appears that even then, like most of his witty companions, he was no friend of the "new learning;"

for in his "Transformation, or Μετεμψύχωσις," a poem which he left unfinished, the following, says Jonson, was the conceit which he intended to follow: "He sought the soul of that apple which Eve pulled, and thereafter made it the soul of a (she-dog), then of a she-wolf, and so of a woman; his general purpose was to have brought it into all the bodies of the heretics from the soul of Cain, and at last left it in the body of Calvin. He only wrote one sheet of this; and *since he was made a doctor repented hugely*, and resolved to destroy all his poems." He was not doctor till his fortieth year; up to nearly that time we conceive that he, in common with the wits who met at the Mermaid, were divided between regrets for the old religion, and impatience at the intolerable annoyances which "recusancy" brought upon them; and that they conformed to the State Church, but with a bitter mocking spirit, and with a heart full of hatred. Depraved persons cannot expect the grace of stability during times of persecution. And Donne was not only a man of licentious morals, but bold enough in his irreverence to disgust even Ben Jonson, who reproved him for his poem of the "Anniversary," as being "profane, and full of blasphemies." He conformed *while* he was writing those sparkling pieces of loose poetry, to which Walton alludes with so mealy a mouth. The impure heart fashioned to itself a God like itself, and found a congenial religion in Protestantism.

But this is not all; about the year 1610 he was at court, and was talking with the king about the oaths of supremacy and allegiance, on which his majesty had written some supremely silly work. Donne argued with the king as the philosopher thought all men must argue with the master of a hundred legions. And James was so pleased with his delicate flattery, that he commanded him to reduce his views to writing. In six weeks the Ms. was brought to the king, and was published, in 1610, under the title of *Pseudo-Martyr*. From this time the king "descended to a persuasion, almost to a solicitation, of him to enter into sacred orders." For three years' time his spirit rebelled against the proffered potion; but at last, "inspired," as Walton says, "with an apprehension of God's particular mercy to him in the king's and others' solicitations of him," he complied, and was ordained deacon and priest by Dr. King, Bishop of London, in the summer of 1613. In the same month he was made one of the royal chaplains, and received a doctor's degree from the University of Cambridge.

"And now," says the enthusiastic Izaak, "all his earthly affections were changed into Divine love; and all the faculties

of his own soul were engaged in the conversion of others; in preaching the glad tidings of remission to repenting sinners, and peace to each troubled soul." Others, if they choose, may attempt to verify this panegyric from his six-score sermons, or from his "divine poems." We, on the other hand, are satisfied with an evidence which we happened to find among his lighter productions. Among them there is an epithalamium, or ode on the marriage of Frederic, Count Palatine of the Rhine, with Elizabeth, James the First's only daughter, which took place on St. Valentine's Day 1613, the very year of Donne's ordination, and the fortieth of his age; and another eclogue, written on a similar occasion, as late as December 26 in the same year. We grieve to say, that even when he donned the preacher's band and ruff, he seems still to have retained under the sheep's clothing his old habit—the bad habit of writing phallic poetry. These productions of his mature and now reverend muse are congenial appendages to his other dirty works; their wit and fancy are far less sparkling; but, like the rest, they are offsprings of a mind that is not satisfied with skimming the surface of the ocean of Aphrodite, but must penetrate to its centre, and there fix the pivot of philosophy, the perfection of woman, and the whole duty of man. They are thoughtful and philosophical poems; but the philosophy is one that regards the world from the stand-point of Priapus, and smells it through the reek of sensuality; it is the philosophy of heathenism, of Luther, of the religion which "gave the cup to the laity, and wives to the clergy," not that of the Gospels, of St. Paul, and of the Church. It is expressed in the language of Ausonius, and is fit to be recited at the orgies of Bacchus, or at the mysteries of Isis. Perhaps, however, this was the religion to the propagation of which henceforth all the faculties of his soul were to be devoted.

It is the doctrine of Lutheranism alone (which reduces Christian faith to a firm assurance of salvation) that can cover a man's face with brass thick enough to enable him to step straight from the stews to the tub of the holder-forth, and to pass without intermediate process from singing sensuality to preaching godliness. Donne had this assurance, for which he thanks God in his last will and testament; and therefore he supposes that he may speak to us with all the weight and authority of a saint; though he varies the monotony of his theological and controversial labours by productions like a canto of Don Juan, or a page of Little's poems. Once a saint, always a saint; God's favour cannot be lost; sin boldly, and put a bold face on it when you have sinned. Such are the maxims of Lutheranism; and Donne apparently carried them out.

We do not wish to speak ill of the dead. It is only as a controversialist that we undermine the authority of Donne. As a man, apart from the parson, he must have been a delightful fellow, overflowing with kindness, good-nature, and wit. He had also a vast deal of religiosity, if not of religion. He respected the faith of his mother. "He was, even to her death, a most dutiful son, careful to provide for her supportation, of which she had been destitute, but that God raised him up to prevent her necessities; who, having sucked in the religion of the Roman Church with her mother's milk, spent her estate in foreign countries to enjoy a liberty in it,* and died in his house but three months before him."

Donne, after he was made a doctor, and had "hugely" repented of his poems, was no doubt a good enough Protestant. But this very repentance provokes some remarks. It is usual for English people to claim for their religion all the credit of the literature of the Elizabethan age. We call this claim in question. We think it will be found that the great writers of that period had all, in proportion to their greatness, a yearning for the old religion. Shakespeare, as we have heretofore shown, and as his late most bigoted illustrator Mr. Thornbury† allows, in his religious sketches falls back to the ideal of an earlier age, and always mentions the old faith with a certain yearning fondness. Ben Jonson, for the best period of his life, was actually a Catholic. We claim also Donne the poet as our own, in the same sense as Satan belongs to the order of angels, not to that of man or beasts. Donne is, without controversy, the greatest of the metaphysical poets. He has a manliness and common sense that raise him far above the common level of those quibbling concocters of conceits; and his poetry belongs to us, it was written while he was more Catholic than any thing else, and displays a Catholic education. We lately observed of Henry Heine that he had a mind naturally Catholic: his infidel friends were of the same opinion; they were kept in a continual tremor of agitation by reports of his having submitted to the Church, and were sending frequent embassies to Paris to prevent the accomplishment of a step so compromising to themselves. Donne's was a similar mind. His views of life, even his blasphemies, bespeak

* This expression requires explanation. It does not mean that she spent her fortune in purchasing indulgences and the like in France and Italy, as doubtless the Protestant would understand it; but that, to avoid the penalties of 20*l.* a month, or the forfeiture of all goods and chattels, and of two-thirds of all real estate, to the crown, which were rigidly enforced on all "recusants" who would not go to church, Mrs. Donne sent over all her money to France or elsewhere, to prevent its falling into the hands of the harpies of the Exchequer.

† *Shakespeare's England*, by G. W. Thornbury. 2 vols.

the fallen Catholic, and are unintelligible to the humdrum mind that is naturally Protestant :

“ His form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined and the excess
Of glory obscured.”

It is only when he passes to prose, and dons the cassock, that he assumes a real Protestant dullness, and substitutes for the burning words of his satire the now threadbare commonplaces of Exeter Hall—that jealously guarded preserve of blown forgeries, that treasury of “the lie so oft o’erthrown,” that paradise of obstinate pride, which, “having once been wrong, will be so still.” Then he will descend to ask Catholics to apostatise for such reasons as these: because Protestantism is tolerated by more Catholic princes than Catholicity by Protestant princes; because the Church of England, in the year 1610, had such good health, and so sound a constitution, that it was evidently in a growing state, and every day more advanced; because of the character of the persons who gave the first entrance and way to this reformation(!); because of the excellent “authours in the artes and divinitie it hath produced;” because it admits not unwholesome and putrefying traditions and postscripts to the Scriptures, and is not deformed with the leprosy and ulcer of the toleration of Jews or stewes; because the *Taxa Cameræ Apostolicæ* puts a price on indulgence to commit any sin; and because, lastly, the State, which hitherto had shown nothing but “patience and moderation towards Catholics,” had some “better laws” (still more diabolical than the fines, imprisonment, deportation, hanging, drawing, and quartering, to which they had been subjected) in its pocket ready for occasions of necessity. Because all that had been done was only medicinal and preparatory, to lead Catholics to church sometimes; to astonish their weak nerves with “our incomparable liturgy;” to make it their physic, as they refused it for their diet; and so in time to “drain and deliver them from their errors.” All this, and much more to the same effect, may be seen at length in the preface to that precious *Pseudo-Martyr*, which Protestants praise only because they think that we shall never examine it.

Yes, this is the end of it,—the picked wit, the delicate literary dandy, has nothing more to say than “this is the strongest side; follow it.” In this Donne is a good type of his Church,—that genteel Church whose motto has always been: “Though zeal eat up the man, it should not eat up the gentleman;” and whose preaching, as Emerson facetiously says, is, “by taste ye are saved.” She has nothing

but the polish left; her zeal (for gentility) has eaten the bottom out of her. She is all outside, like the leg of a table hollowed out by the white ants. She is a toy castle; and her flimsy walls are built not of gingerbread, but of gentility. She has only the buckram, the crinoline, the starch, the lavender-water of piety. She grows sick at the smell of poor cottages, workhouses, hospitals, and prisons. She is euphuist, and minces her words. A misplaced "h" causes a pang to shoot across her brow. She writes pretty poetry, occasionally a trifle indelicate. She drinks sherry and champagne, and is convulsed at the odour of whisky-punch. To her the impersonation of Antichrist is one of those ugly hard-working peasant-priests with rough mechanic hands, on which she wonders that he does not spit when he manipulates the *Dominus vobiscum*, as his brother ploughman supples his hard palms with his saliva to give him a better grip of the plough-tail. And truly, in piping times of peace, this hard-handed man makes but a poor show beside his peacock-plumed rival. But place them in circumstances of trial and penal laws; then you will see gentility with roses in its shoes, making a cringing recantation in the hands of the "learnedst king in Christendom," writing lying books at his bidding, turning parson at his sacred word, and, at the same time, composing facetious but filthy odes on court ceremonials; while the peasant-priest walks quietly from his back-parlour and beer to the gallows, and suffers with joy, almost as the true end of his existence, those horrors which the court-preacher had denounced to him as the reasons for his "conformity." We do not deny the pluck of the Guards, and other dandy warriors; but there is a gentleman heresy, a mental and dilettante dandyism, so enamoured of courtly manners, of literary delicacy, of keenness of wit, that it at last follows vulgar success, any scamp-Jupiter that happens to be the mightiest, and becomes the parasite of power, the minister of a religion armed to the teeth, and surrounded with a choir of sequestrators and hangmen. Such is the inevitable, however illogical, end of brilliancy and taste, without grace to wear them; of taking care to be a gentleman, and forgetting to be first a Christian.

Reviews.

THE CAUSES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

On the State of Society in France before the Revolution of 1789. By Alexis de Tocqueville. London: Murray.

(Second notice.)

IN our former article on this most valuable book, we reviewed M. de Tocqueville's account of the antecedents of the revolution,—the disposing causes, the evils that rendered such a step necessary. In the second part of his volume he explores the secret chambers, where the *powers* lay hid that actually brought about the appalling result. If the reader, he says, in commencing the eleventh chapter of his second book, were to read no further, he would have a very imperfect idea of the government of the old French monarchy, and would not understand the state of society produced by the revolution.

And first, he proves that an immense amount of individual liberty was left to the people, in spite of the absolutism and petty tutelage of the government: it was a strange liberty, a spirit of resistance, that preserved the independent outline of individual character. Centralisation, though aiming at its present growth, was more limited than now both in range and power. The rapacity of the government counteracted its ambition, by obliging it to act, not through men educated and chosen by itself, but through agents who, having bought their places, were in an independent position with regard to it. The administration also was paralysed in its hold on its refractory agents by an utter ignorance of the limits of its power. The nobility stood in an attitude of contemptuous hostility towards the civil functionaries, who, conscious of their low extraction, would hesitate and parley with it. Towards the king himself it was wonderfully free-spoken, and already demanded all the guarantees against the abuse of power which France possessed in the days of her representative government. The clergy—but here we must quote M. de Tocqueville's own words, which, however sarcastic, are full of wise warnings, only too much needed by persons who, having seen how the constitution of one friend of the Church, but greater friend of monarchy and family, Charles X., could be wrested by a hostile successor to be the instrument of the worst oppression of the clergy, yet go on to accumulate power and influence in the hands of a man whom the accident of an hour may remove, or change into a bitter foe:

“The clergy, who have since frequently shown themselves so servilely submissive to the temporal sovereign in civil matters, whosoever that temporal sovereign might be, and who became his most barefaced flatterers on the slightest indication of favour to the Church, formed at that time one of the most independent bodies in the nation, and the only body whose peculiar liberties would have enforced respect.”

We cannot sympathise with M. de Tocqueville when he mourns over the Gallican liberties of the clergy; but he shows well what different persons they were from the time-serving ecclesiastics who betrayed the English people in the time of Henry VIII. In the first place, they stood in an independent position with regard to their Bishops, who had no irresponsible powers over them, but only those strictly defined by canon-law; they were not prepared for passive obedience to the sovereign by the uncontrolled despotism of the superior. Next, they were men of high families, and brought their hereditary indocility into the ecclesiastical system. Thirdly, they were landlords, and apparently the wisest of all the owners of the soil.

“Bringing with me,” says our author, “the impressions of our own times, I have been surprised to find bishops and priests, many of whom were equally eminent for their piety and for their learning, drawing up reports on the construction of a road or a canal, discussing with great science and skill the best methods to augment the produce of agriculture, to insure the well-being of the inhabitants, and to encourage industry; these churchmen being always equal, and often superior, to all the laymen engaged with them in the transaction of the same affairs.”

Then follows a most important remark; one calculated, in some measure, to comfort and reassure persons who take too much to heart the Church-robberies of Spain and Piedmont:

“I maintain, in opposition to an opinion which is very generally and firmly established, that the nations which deprive the Roman Catholic clergy of all participation in landed property, and convert their incomes into salaries, do in fact only promote the interests of the papacy, and those of the temporal ruler, while they renounce an important element of freedom among themselves.

A man who, as far as the best portion of his nature is concerned, is the subject of a foreign authority, and who in the country where he dwells can have no family, will only be linked to the soil by one durable tie—namely, landed property. Break that bond, and he belongs to no place in particular. His conscience binds him to the Pope; his maintenance to the sovereign. His only country is the Church.”

M. de Tocqueville then shows that the advice of the clergy

at the States-general of 1789 was as hostile to despotism, and as favourable to civil liberty, as that of the middle classes, but more scientific and precise in its recommendations and plans to accomplish its purpose; and he concludes as follows:

“Upon the whole, and notwithstanding the notorious vices of some of its members, I question whether there ever existed in the world a clergy more remarkable than the Catholic clergy of France at the moment when it was overtaken by the Revolution—a clergy more enlightened, more national, less circumscribed within the bounds of private duty, and more alive to public obligations, and at the same time more zealous for the faith;—persecution proved it. I entered on the study of these forgotten institutions full of prejudice against the clergy of that day: I conclude that study full of respect for them. They had in truth no defects but those inherent in all corporate bodies, whether political or religious, when they are strongly constituted and knit together; such as a tendency to aggression, a certain intolerance of disposition, and an instinctive—sometimes a blind—attachment to particular rights of their order.”

The middle classes formed a kind of minor aristocracy, possessed of numberless purchased immunities, which they defended with a fierce party-spirit in their courts of justice. These were totally independent of the government, and neither subservient nor venal; but, even in cases which had been taken out of their hands by the intendant's courts, received and gave publicity to all the complaints of the people, and characterised the acts of the government with a freedom of speech quite mediæval. These courts had given the mode to the nation; all things were subject to discussion and appeal; not a royal edict could appear without assigning its motives and reasons. The lower orders alone had lost all power of resisting oppression, except by violence. In general, the French dependence was not servility, but loyalty; the relaxing passion for “comfort,” which is the mother of servitude, was yet unknown, and men had not learned to be lukewarm in good as well as in evil; they were fond of amusements and passionate excitement, but were strangers to the temperate and decorous sensualism of modern days; they sought to be illustrious rather than to be rich. Theirs was an ill-regulated and morbid liberty, but one fruitful in vigorous characters, the admiration and terror of succeeding generations; fit to uproot despotism, but totally unfit to establish in its place the free and peaceful empire of order and law.

The peasantry, the broad basis of society, had been gradually becoming degraded, till its condition was sometimes worse in the eighteenth century than it had been in the thirteenth. No longer serfs, they were in some respects less fortunate.

Every other class held aloof from them: the nobles had deserted the country, or only remained for retrenchment; the gentry had ceased to be their protectors, and acted more like rapacious middlemen than landed proprietors, grasping at all they could claim by law or custom, and administering the few relics of feudal law so as to make them more intolerable than the whole system had once been. The kings encouraged this separation of classes, and an intendant complained of the residence of the Breton nobles on their estates—those very nobles and peasantry who alone were united and loyal in the day of trial. The middle classes were as much strangers to the peasant as the nobles; no sooner had a countryman amassed a little money than he turned his back on his village, where neither magistrate nor syndic could read or write, and where the lord took no share in parish-matters, such as the assessment of the poll-tax, the enrolment of the militia, and the regulation of the forced labour. The peasant dreaded to be too well off, lest he should be ruined by increased taxation; where no taxes could be wrung from his poverty, he had to pay in forced labour; one province, too poor to pay in coin, contributed 700,000 livres' value a-year of this hateful tax. Thus had the people become slaves; without respect or dependence on any one, with all the hatreds and predilections of slaves, alike incapable of self-government, and hostile to any who would direct them.

The next power which M. de Tocqueville describes is that of the French literature of the eighteenth century; this was in the hands of men unconnected with the administration, and utterly unacquainted with its details, but who wrote and thought on no other subject than the abstract theory of society and government, their hypothesis being corrected by no experience and verified by no facts. In the chaos of their jarring systems one pervading principle may be found, namely, the expediency of substituting simple and elementary rules, deduced from reason and natural law, for the complicated traditional customs by which society was guided. The state of things we described in our former paper had produced a general horror of traditional forms, and a hatred of French history; the writers were predisposed by their position and by their genius to build mere theory on the ruins of fact—they had no idea of the perils they were preparing, of the abyss they were stirring up. The freedom of theorising was accepted as some compensation for the want of freedom of acting; and men, groaning under the inconvenience of oppressive forms, revenged themselves in thought by plans of reform repugnant to the very existence of society at all. The blindness of the

higher classes in patronising these anarchical philosophies is nothing less than judicial: king and aristocracy were engaged in resisting each other's encroachments, and both in undermining the Church—they both patronised any amount of scandalous argument which was calculated to bring an opponent into contempt; the lower classes received all these things with cynical satisfaction, for the French nation, then the most lettered and witty in the world, was fully prepared to appreciate the humour and smartness of the writers. No wonder, then, that they became the greatest power in the country, and that when the revolution in America brought conviction of the practicability of that which had hitherto been mere theory, they wielded an irresponsible might which we can now scarcely conceive. They thought they could make a great nation as they might write a great book, or invent a great theory—by attention to symmetry of laws, by contempt of facts, by love of the original and novel, and by the desire to reconstruct every thing at once by the rules of logic alone.*

The institution on which all these writers poured out their bitterest venom was the Church; and they so well succeeded in exciting men's passions against her, that atheism became a fanaticism. They developed Lutheranism into infidelity, heresy into unbelief. Irreligion became a general passion, fervid, intolerant, and oppressive; for the Church was to be destroyed, as the chief obstacle to their ideas. She rested on tradition, they had no respect for the past; she recognised an authority above individual reason, they would have nothing but reason; she had a hierarchy, they wanted equality of ranks. The attack on the State was only possible to them through the Church, which the State was ready to sacrifice to shield itself; moreover, they were subject to daily annoyance by the clerical censorship of their books. Through the apathy of the kings, these writers were allowed to undermine the great religious support of the State without exciting the selfish jealousy of the government. The statesmen of the time made impiety the pastime of their vacant existence, and hatched the idea of the possibility of government without respect for religion, which has since been the characteristic of the despotic bureaux of Europe.

The writers who went beyond abstract theories of politics, and devoted themselves to questions of public administration,

* From this time the graphic and picturesque names of the French language have been replaced by general terms; God has become the "Supreme Being," the parish priest "the minister of the altar," neighbours "citizens," and rulers "respectable magistrates:" the pretended genius of France for big words and general ideas only commenced at this period.

were called political economists. All these writers aim at reform, none at liberty. In their eyes private rights are nothing, public utility is every thing; the past is to them only a matter of endless contempt. They hated any checks to the administration, or, in other words, any guarantees of public liberty. Education was to be the sole political security against the despotism of the central authority. All that opposed itself to equality of condition and uniformity of rules was to be swept away, as inconvenient to administration and to reform. The State was not only to command, but to fashion the nation; to form it on a given model; to inspire it with fixed opinions and sentiments; to transform men—perhaps, if it chose, to create others! “The State can do with men what it pleases,” was a proposition that included all their theories. It was a new power, not derived from God, not resting on tradition, impersonal; not the inheritance of a family, but the product and representative of all. It is democratic despotism. Its principles are: no gradations in society, no distinctions of classes, no fixed ranks—a people composed of individuals nearly alike and entirely equal; this confused mass being recognised as the only legitimate sovereign, but carefully deprived of all the faculties which could enable it to direct, or even to superintend, its own government. Above this mass a single delegate, charged to do every thing in its name without consulting it. To control this delegate, public opinion, deprived of its organs; to arrest him, revolutions, but no laws. In principle a subordinate agent; in fact, a master. Not finding this ideal realised in Europe, they all eulogised the miserable government of China as the model for the world.

Among these writers *socialism* is found fully developed. Their principles are—community of goods, the right to labour, absolute equality of conditions, uniformity in all things, a mechanical regularity in all the movements of individuals, a tyranny to regulate every action of daily life, and the complete absorption of each member of the community into the whole social body.

The people under this guidance came to desire reform rather than rights. If they desired freedom, it was only that by self-government they might rid themselves from a few intolerable abuses: they did not love freedom for herself, but for what they thought they could get out of her.

Another of the forces of the revolution was the great prosperity of France. The reign of Louis XVI. was the most prosperous epoch of the old French monarchy; and this very prosperity accelerated the revolution. The corrupt form of administration was perfectly incompatible with a restless

and busy population; it was only tolerable in the lull of stagnation. Now the intendants began to encourage commerce and agriculture; great improvements were introduced in the collection of the taxes; the peasants were treated with humanity, the population largely augmented; while wealth increased more largely still in spite of the unequal taxation, the diversity of law, the internal custom-houses, feudal rights, guilds, and purchased offices. The king still used the language of arbitrary power, but was in reality controlled by public opinion; nevertheless, with all this the community became more unsettled and uneasy, public discontent grew fierce, and the hatred against all established institutions increased, and most in those parts of the country which were most prosperous. La Vendée, which was the only province that had failed to profit by the improvement, was the only one where loyalty remained.

“It is not always by going from bad to worse that a country falls into a revolution. It happens most frequently that a people, which had supported the most crushing laws without complaint, and apparently as if they were unfelt, throws them off with violence as soon as the burden begins to be diminished. The state of things destroyed by a revolution is almost always somewhat better than that which immediately preceded it; and experience has shown that the most dangerous moment for a bad government is usually that when it enters upon the work of reform. Nothing short of a great political genius can save a sovereign who undertakes to relieve his subjects after a long period of oppression. The evils which were endured with patience as long as they were inevitable, seem intolerable as soon as a hope can be entertained of escaping from them. The abuses which are removed seem to lay bare those which remain, and to render the sense of them more acute; the evil has decreased, it is true, but the perception of the evil is more keen.”

Considerations like these, we may remark in passing, explain and justify the irritation of governments like those of Austria and Naples at the exterior pressure which would hasten their reforms; they must feel that we are pushing them over the cliff, instead of giving them time to make a road by which they can descend in safety. Self-preservation is a dearer right and more obvious duty than the cure of abuses: Lord Palmerston and the English people have no right to insist on any one's making a reform that will probably be fatal to himself.

Now began in France the theories of the indefinite perfectibility of man: twenty years before nothing was to be hoped of the future; now nothing was to be feared. The fundholders, traders, and moneyed classes, instead of being,

as is usually the case, the most conservative, were the most revolutionary; they were continually irritated by the want of faith and the unpunctuality of the government; and the public and private fortunes had become so intermingled, that the mismanagement of the public finances, which had hitherto been only a public evil, became to a multitude of families a private calamity. Thus old abuses appeared new by the novel impression they caused.

The newly acquired humanity of the upper classes for the peasants was exhibited in a manner only calculated to exasperate them. Louis XVI., in his edicts for the amelioration of the people (which he had not power to carry out), employed all the resources of rhetoric in depicting the misery and injustice which they suffered. He seemed to forget that the people could understand French. In times of distress, king, nobles, and parliament would issue manifestoes, accusing each other of being the cause of scarcity. The people read, and reflected. In these documents the people were always spoken of as scarcely human; to be pitied indeed, but only with the pity of which our Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is prodigal. In their eagerness to know all abuses, the upper classes published in 1788 a list of all the privileged persons,—all who paid no taxes, but received dues,—all for whom the people were so heavily taxed, and for whom so many abuses were maintained. The people read, and learned accurately how few they were, and who they were, for whom they suffered. Thus the revolution was hurried on by the enthusiasm of the upper classes for improvement, manifested in a way that only exasperated the rest of the people.

During this time also the government was teaching lessons of revolution. When Louis XV. violently suppressed the parliaments, he showed how an institution contemporary with the monarchy might be destroyed. Louis XVI. was always talking of reforms to be accomplished, and suddenly changed many ancient usages; setting the dangerous example of violence exerted for a good purpose by honest and well-meaning men. Louis XIV. had publicly broached the theory, that all the land of France belonged to the State, and was held of it conditionally. The rights of private property were set at naught when they obstructed public utility. Orders-in-council had changed the intention of most of the charitable institutions. Compulsory requisitions, forced sales of provisions, and the maximum, were not without precedents. The exceptional tribunals administered justice in the most arbitrary manner as respects the form, though they were mild enough in their punishments. The revolution borrowed these forms,

and added to them the atrocity of its own spirit. Before this catastrophe, a great administrative revolution had already been accomplished, which had changed the relations of the people to each other, and produced a state of uncertainty, anarchy, and discontent. The order of the administration of justice was disturbed in all its parts. In 1787, the power of the intendants was destroyed, and a provincial assembly created to assume their functions. Legislation was simplified, it is true; but experience then showed how much easier it is to deal with obscure and complicated laws which have long been in use than with a totally new system, however simple. No one thought of making a distinction between the executive and directive functions of government; and the consequence was soon apparent when the power fell into the hands of an assembly of theorists. These assemblies were always quarrelling with the intendants, who were still allowed to retain the nominal direction. In the villages the assemblies were still more difficult to manage: they were to consist of the representatives of three classes—the nobles, who paid no taxes; peasants who had purchased certain exemptions; and the poor peasants, who had to pay all; the seigneur was chairman, but had no vote—he was reduced from lord to a mere servant of the people.

It was thus that all France experienced a tremendous perturbation in all her habits of life. In our English revolutions the laws and customs of the country have undergone no change. The pyramid was disturbed at its apex, but unshaken at the base. Louis XVI. thought to renovate the base without throwing down the apex. The revolutions that have taken place since 1789 have left the customs and laws unchanged; hence they have been only transient ebullitions, ending in a change of ruler or dynasty, without any other consequence. The daily course of affairs was neither interrupted nor disturbed: every man still remained submissive to the rules and usages with which he was already familiar; dependent on the same secondary powers, and referring to the same agents. But in 1789 every man had been shaken in his condition, disturbed in his habits, or put to inconvenience in his calling. Though the upper functions of the government were in order, yet in the lesser affairs of life no one knew whom to obey, to whom to apply, or how to proceed. The nation had lost its balance, and one blow served to upset it. All the threads of government that remained were gathered in a knot at Paris. Paris was the master of the kingdom; and a mob that could get possession of Paris by a riot had all the power in its own hands.

Such were the forces that agitated the French mind, and worked it up to its revolutionary heat. The passion of the upper classes for freedom, of the lower for equality; the mutual hatreds and jealousies; the fanaticism of irreligion; the inexperienced theorising;—all contributed their share; and working on the French character, produced that portentous political phenomenon, which, apart from the national character on the one hand, and the historical antecedents and forces which led up to it on the other, can never be duly appreciated by the historical student. What this French national character is, we will let M. de Tocqueville describe in his own masterly words:

“When I consider this nation in itself, it strikes me as more extraordinary than any event in its own annals. Was there ever any nation on the face of the earth so full of contrasts, and so extreme in all its actions; more swayed by sensations, less by principles; led therefore always to do either worse or better than was expected of it, sometimes below the common level of humanity, sometimes greatly above it;—a people so unalterable in its leading instincts, that its likeness may still be recognised in descriptions written two or three thousand years ago; but at the same time so mutable in its daily thoughts, and in its tastes, as to become a spectacle and an amazement to itself, and to be as much surprised as the rest of the world at the sight of what it has done;—a people beyond all others the child of home and the slave of habit, when left to itself, but when once torn against its will from the native hearth and from its daily pursuits, ready to go to the end of the world and to dare all things; indocile by temperament, and yet accepting the arbitrary and even the violent rule of a sovereign more readily than the free and regular government of the chief citizen; to-day the declared enemy of all obedience, to-morrow serving with a sort of passion which the nations best fitted for servitude cannot attain; guided by a thread as long as no one resists, ungovernable when the example of resistance has once been given; always deceiving its masters, who fear it either too little or too much; never so free that it is hopeless to enslave it, or so enslaved that it may not break the yoke again; apt for all things, but excelling only in war; adoring chance, force, success, splendour and noise, more than true glory; more capable of heroism than of virtue, of genius than of good sense; ready to conceive immense designs rather than to consummate great undertakings; the most brilliant and the most dangerous of the nations of Europe, and that best fitted to become by turns an object of admiration, of hatred, of pity, of terror, but never of indifference.”

Our intention has been to let M. de Tocqueville speak for himself, without showing either assent or dissent. It is, however, but fair, in conclusion, to say, that though in the main we agree with him, we regard him as infected with the vice

that nearly all students of the past contract, namely, a depreciation of the present. We do not for a moment believe that the stability of a society is impossible without the aristocratical element of a feudal landed gentry. That whole system belongs to the past; its knell was sounded in the sixteenth century, and the French Revolution buried its corpse. A new phase of society has begun, and a new element has to be sought in the place of that corrupt aristocracy which so shamefully betrayed its trust at the Reformation and in the following centuries. The landed classes have ceased to be the natural suzerains of the common people; our minds have escaped from their tutelage. In seeking a new element of stability to replace them, they may rest assured that we shall not consider their claims. But there is an element as old as European aristocracy, and, at the same time, as young as the newly-found equality of revolutionary society; this element is the Church. For her, or for no one, a more glorious part is destined than that which she played in the middle ages. She may be that middle term between the centralised state and the individual, which shall guarantee its rights to each. Free with her freedom, equal with her equality, obedient to the laws which she administers in the name of God, there is no fear, while she is respected, that the individual will rebel, or that the State will usurp rights which do not belong to it. But we cannot carry out these considerations—they would lead us into too long a story.

In conclusion, we must add, that though, like M. de Tocqueville and the able writers of *Le Correspondant*, we are fully alive to the dangers of despotism, we can hardly go with them in their attacks on the actual government of France. The doctrine which *Le Correspondant* wishes to illustrate is, that the Church, though it can best succeed in an atmosphere of liberty, is yet compatible with any form of tolerable government. They may lament the loss of liberty in France; they may recall with satisfaction the advance which religion made under the hostile constitutionalism of Louis Philippe; but, in order to prove the whole of their thesis, they should not forget to show that the Church can survive even under the present *régime*. We must however pause, for it would be unseemly to attempt to criticise these admirable writers in three lines at the end of an article on another subject.

THE COMMUNION OF LABOUR.

The Communion of Labour : a Second Lecture on the Social Employments of Women. By Mrs. Jameson. London : Longmans.

WHEN the Reformation had transferred the patrimony of the poor from the trustees who, as their worst enemies admit, had administered it honestly, to the hands of the king and of a clique of profligate families, not only did the poor experience the evils of no longer having the same clergy to look to in distress, but the gentry, the farmers, and artificers soon found that this care must devolve upon them. At first, the public officers in the towns and parishes undertook to distribute whatever voluntary contributions were intrusted to them; but these were, from the first, notoriously deficient; and in 1572 the Lords and Commons, themselves gorged with the produce of the robberies, passed an act for a compulsory assessment of the people in general in behalf of the poor.

And now the farmers and townspeople began to comprehend that they might be taxed in a way never before heard of, and that to an unlimited extent. But they soon found that the remedy, in great measure, lay in their own hands; they discovered that they might regulate the numbers of those who resided and were employed in their borough or parish, so as to prevent any inconvenient burden of rates. Absolute in the exercise of this power, the provincial Dogberries unceremoniously turned out those whom they judged likely to become chargeable, and made orders and by-laws to effect this purpose.

It was thus that poverty became a crime in England; a crime not against the individual, but against the State; more like treason than felony, for it attacked not the private purse or the private orchard, but laid the whole parish under contribution, like a robber-chief of the middle ages.

The records of towns and boroughs are full of notices of the by-laws by means of which the warfare was kept up against this domestic enemy. All parties suspected of poverty were to be chased from the parish; no lodgers were to be taken in till the constable had assured himself that they were of sufficient ability to maintain themselves. Discreet persons were sent round to discover and unearth under-tenants, and to make presentments to the magistrates of all persons who had violated the regulations. Thus in Lyme, in 1592,

Andrew Ham was to remove his sister from his house, under penalty of forty shillings; in 1594, Henry Webb, the new tailor, was to depart the town by a certain day. In 1595, the jury present that one Clatty hath received a man and his wife into his house; that William Skorch harboureth his wife's sister, besides another girl; that Edward Borough keepeth a young child in his house; and William Crewe *keepeth his mother in his house, which is not to be harboured*; and that John Domett likewise harboureth his wife's sister. *Ideo quilibet eorum in misericordia.* So each is fined; and to make the mockery more bitter, it is in the very name of mercy that they are forbidden to show mercy; and children and girls and mothers are to be turned out to starve on the dunghills, in the name of that very compassion which had, in a better age, built them hospitals, and endowed them with a great proportion of the wealth of the nation.

And not only are the borough-registers full of such fines, inflicted upon persons for refusing to drive away to certain starvation their servants, their labourers, or the children on whom they had taken pity, but these same Christian regulations were framed effectually to prevent the poor outcasts escaping that dreadful end. Once out of place, they were not allowed to job as casual labourers. In the 14th year of Charles I., the jury of Seaford presented some of them for the offence of "living at their own hands." They were ordered to get into service within a fortnight; but then no one was to take them in unless he could insure their not becoming chargeable.

In those days the different counties and boroughs guarded their own boundaries, and kept themselves as jealously secluded from their neighbours as the Japanese and Loo-choo islanders of the present day. Woe be to the poor stranger, or foreigner as he was called, who entered the tabooed precincts! Unless he could give good security against his becoming chargeable, he was soon thrust out. There was a regularly organised persecution against the poor and those who harboured them; and paupers were in continual danger of being left to die in ditches and under hedges, their poor neighbours not daring to receive them into their cottages.

But those who expected to suppress the poor population by such means were disappointed. They did not make the poor to cease out of the land. England had sold its birthright, like Esau, and doubtless expected by the sale to be relieved not only from the burden of the Christian doctrines and sacraments, but also from that other more onerous treasure of the Church (as St. Lawrence called it), the poor of Christ. They found their mistake; they found that they had enriched a few

families, had strengthened the hands of a detestable oligarchy, and saddled themselves for ever with a new and unmanageable tax. The oligarchy was too strong to be forced to disgorge its prey; so those in whose behalf the tax was imposed became the victims, and were subjected to ever-growing acts of repression, tyranny, and insult. It was soon found that the starving system would not do. The poor multiplied in spite of their being turned out of house and home, and prevented from supporting themselves. The next step in the course of Anti-christ, after (virtually) "commanding to abstain from meats," was to forbid marriage; and this soon came about. In 1625 an order was made at Yarmouth that no poor people should be married unless they should first procure the license of the alderman and chief constable of their ward. In Jersey, on the 26th of March 1647, the authorities decreed that persons of *basse condition* should not be allowed to marry. With marriage, courting and the other preliminaries thereof came under the inquisitorial inspection of the puritanical despots of the vestry. At Dorchester, in Sept. 1656, "Alice Hill upon examination is found to keepe companie with Philipp Bartlett in vnseasonable time, and saith she vvill not forsak him unlesse hee vvill forsak her. Shee is ordered not to keepe him companie again vvithout leave."

But the poor are prolific in spite of all prohibitions of increase. So the baffled rate-payers have no further resource than revenge. First, then, they will try the effect of ticketing all vagrants and applicants for relief with a brand of infamy. The former (by act of parliament) were branded in the shoulder; the latter were dealt with at the good pleasure of the particular parishes. All recipients of relief were compelled by the vestry of Eastbourne, in 1674, to wear a badge upon the right side of their upper garment. The vestry of Birmingham, about 1775, passed an order that each person receiving relief should wear a badge. On the day of the order coming into force, the first applicant was an old woman, who received together with her pittance the mark of her disgrace, which she was required to pin to her dress without delay; so she pulled up her gown, and pinned it to her petticoat, and let her skirt fall over it again. The poor people in 1775 had advanced a full century since 1674.

But this vengeance of vestries was as nothing compared with the systematic severity of the law against helpless poverty. That which starvation, homelessness, and enforced celibacy could not effect, the law determined to attempt by the halter and by the pest-house;—we have no better name to call the prisons to which the poor were banished. Happier they per-

haps who found the briefer and less painful end of the gallows; so do not let us waste too much pity on the victim mentioned in the following entry from the Michaelmas Sessions, held at Bridport in 1635: "*Elizabetha Johnson, alias Stephens, pro vagrant. tanq. vagabund. incorrigibil. suspend. per collu. usque dm. mortua sit.*" That is to say, "Elizabeth Johnson, alias Stephens, for vagrancy. To be hanged by the neck till she is dead, as an incorrigible vagabond." Stringent, sharp, and decisive! Surely such a policy deserved to prosper! Yet it did not, for all that.

But not even the law of England under the Tudors and Stuarts could hang every body who could not afford to live in a cottage with four acres of ground,* or drive a thriving trade or profitable craft in the boroughs. Some places of refuge must be provided for the poor outcasts; and these places were no other than the gaols. Or even when a separation was made in the buildings or in the classification of the inmates, it was still the penal system of the gaols that was applied to the poor. Thus there was in those days little distinction between work-houses and houses of correction. In the poor-law of 1601 (43 Eliz.), no provision but the gaols was made for paupers; in 1607, the building of "houses of correction" was authorised, in which implements were to be provided for all such as should be able to work. It was only after more than a century (in 1723) that an act was passed for the correction of these houses, to make them places of refuge instead of places of punishment.

The gaol of Dorchester may be taken as a specimen of these pandemoniums, in which felons, debtors, and paupers were indiscriminately associated. It was under a governor, who paid a certain sum for the place, and made his income out of the prisoners. Hence the unskilled pauper had very little chance beside the more educated felon or debtor. Of these, the men had at least fourpence, and the women three-pence, for each day's work performed for the governor; while the pauper past labour had fourpence assigned him for his *week's* maintenance, which was, on complaint, raised to the munificent sum of sixpence. Add to this, starvation, the misery of the houses, the want of water, the bad ventilation and drainage, the utter absence of all moral restraint and of all sanitary precautions, and who can wonder at the tainted atmosphere that made them lazar-houses of every loathsome and infectious pestilence, which no medical man would attend; as we may gather from the surgeon of the infirmary at Exeter

* Cottages with less were by law (20 Eliz.) ordered to be pulled down, for fear of encouraging a class of persons unable to maintain themselves.

excusing himself *by contract* in 1775 from attending any prisoner sick of the gaol-fever? Beds were never thought of; often there was no straw; when the window-tax was severely felt, the governors blocked up the windows, and broke holes in the roof and inner walls to admit the light. Nor was this all; the gaoler, or farmer of the gaol, directed the work, let the rooms, sold the food, was extortioner-general, and had the power of enforcing his claims by putting fetters or gyves on those set to labour, and by whipping them "moderately." After a prisoner was discharged by law, he might still be retained for his debts to this harpy, who used also to show noted felons for twopence a-head. For these "opportunities" he generally paid 40*l.* a-year rent to the under-sheriff of the county. Such was the Protestant substitute for the guest-master and infirmarian of the suppressed monasteries.

But all this is changed since the new act, persons will tell us. Well, this is just the point to which we wished to come. Is it changed? Are our workhouses morally much better now; or rather, are they improved in the proportion of our other ameliorations? Is not the pauper still considered the enemy of society at large? so that whereas the felon or misdemeanant is a man rescued by the executive from the hands of private vengeance, and locked up as *felo domini regis*,—a man for whose safe custody the executive is answerable to society,—the pauper is no one's, is left to the tender mercies of the very men who regard him as the public robber, and is rescued by no sufficient interference of the civil power. Let us answer this question in the words of a lecture lately published by Mrs. Jameson, and entitled *The Communion of Labour*. Her intention therein is to enforce the necessity of female intervention, similar to that of sisters of charity abroad, in our English hospitals and prisons. One of the institutions for which this influence is most imperatively required is the workhouse; the present condition of these places she describes from her own observations, approaching the subject "with a mingled feeling of shame and fear."

"I have seen many workhouses and of all grades. The regulation of details varies in different parishes. Some are admirably clean, and, as far as mere machinery can go, admirably managed; some are dirty and ill-ventilated; and one or two, as we learn from recent disclosures, quite in a disgraceful state: but whatever the arrangement and condition, in one thing I found all alike;—the want of a proper moral supervision. I do not say this in the grossest sense; though even in *that* sense, I have known of things I could hardly speak of. But surely I may say there is want of proper *moral* supervision where the most vulgar of human beings are set to

rule over the most vulgar ; where the pauper is set to manage the pauper ; where the ignorant govern the ignorant ; where the aged and infirm minister to the aged and infirm ; where every softening and elevating influence is absent, or of rare occurrence, and every hardening and depraving influence continuous and ever at hand. Never did I visit any dungeon, any abode of crime or misery, in any country, which left the same crushing sense of sorrow, indignation, and compassion—almost despair—as some of our English workhouses. Never did I see more clearly what must be the inevitable consequences, where the feminine and religious influences are ignored—where what we call charity is worked by a stern hard machinery—where what we mean for good is not bestowed but inflicted on others, in a spirit not pitiful nor merciful, but reluctant and adverse, if not cruel. . . .

The purpose of a workhouse is to be a refuge to the homeless, houseless, helpless poor ; to night-wanderers ; to orphan children ; to the lame and blind ; to the aged, who here lie down on their last bed to die.

The number of inmates varies in different parishes, at different seasons, from 400 to 1000. In the great London unions it is generally from 1500 to 2000.

These institutions are supported by a variable tax, paid so reluctantly, with so little sympathy in its purpose, that the wretched paupers seem to be regarded as a sort of parish locusts sent to devour the substance of the rate-payers,—as the natural enemies of those who are taxed for their subsistence,—almost as criminals ; and I have no hesitation in saying, that the convicts in some of our gaols have more charitable and more respectful treatment than the poor in our workhouses. Hence a notion prevails among the working classes that it is better to be a criminal than a pauper ; better to go to a gaol than a workhouse : and to all appearance it is so.

The administration of the parish funds for the purposes of charity is in the hands of a board of parish officers, wherein the *gentlemen*, that is, the well educated, intelligent, and compassionate, are generally in a minority, and can do little or nothing against the passive resistance to all innovation, the most obdurate prejudices, the most vulgar jealousy. . . . Under these guardians are the officials, who are brought into immediate contact with the poor ; a master and a matron, who keep the accounts, distribute food and clothing, and keep order. In one workhouse the master had been a policeman ; in another, the keeper of a small public-house ; in another, he had served in the same workhouse as porter. The subordinates are not of a higher grade, except occasionally the schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, whom I have sometimes found struggling to perform their duties, sometimes quite unfitted for them, and sometimes resigned to routine and despair. In the wards for the old and sick, the intense vulgarity, the melancholy dullness mingled with a strange license and levity, are dreadful."

Mrs. Jameson attributes this to the want of the religious

and feminine element in the workhouses. She quite laughs at the idea of the chaplain representing the former :

“ The chaplain has seemed to me, in such places, rather a religious accident than a religious element : when most good and zealous, his can be no constant and pervading influence. When he visits a ward to read and pray once a week, perhaps there is decorum in his presence ; the oaths, the curses, the vile language cease, the vulgar strife is silenced—to recommence the moment his back is turned. I know one instance in which the chaplain had been ill for two months ; and no one had supplied his place, except for the Sunday-services, where the bedridden poor cannot attend. I remember an instance in which the chaplain had requested that the poor profligate women might be kept out of his way : they had indeed shown themselves somewhat obstreperous and irreverent. I saw, not long ago, a chaplain of a great workhouse so dirty and shabby, that I should have mistaken him for one of the paupers. In doing his duty, he would fling a surplice over his dirty torn coat, kneel down at the entrance of a ward, not even giving himself the trouble to advance to the middle of the room, hurry over two or three prayers, heard from the few beds nearest to him, and then, off to another ward. The salary of this priest for the sick and the poor was twenty pounds a year. This, then, is the religious element ;—as if religion were not the necessary, inseparable, ever-present, informing spirit of a Christian charitable institution, but rather something extraneous and occasional, to be taken in set doses at set times.”

The feminine element is described as being even more inefficient than the clerical. Nurses chosen from among such pauper women as are supposed to be the least immoral and drunken, their ages varying from sixty-five to eighty ; a decrepit old woman of seventy, lean, withered, and feeble, assisted by a girl with one eye and purblind with the other, set to nurse a whole ward of helpless bedridden old creatures ! Other nurses paralysed, or with wooden legs, with helpers who had lost the use of a hand—no cheerful faces among them ; melancholy or sullen or harsh, where not bloated with drunkenness, or debased by stupidity or ill-humour !—the best-conducted nurses being crabbed energetic old women, who are perhaps active and cleanly, and to be depended upon while they can be kept from drink, but who, like the rest, come back intoxicated whenever it is their turn to go out. The patients always in a state of hostility to their nurses, and unable to get any kindness but by the bribery of little presents of tea and sugar and halfpence, “ opportunities” of which some nurses make five shillings a-week. The matron unable to do more than to see that the beds are clean, the floor scoured, the food distributed, but having no means of knowing what

tyranny is exercised in her absence by the hags, her deputies; "for the wretched patients dare not complain, knowing how it would be visited upon them."

All this Mrs. Jameson saw with her own eyes; and she continues her melancholy tale:

"I will not now torture you by a description of what I know to have been inflicted and endured in these abodes of pauperism,—the perpetual scolding, squabbling, swearing. Neither peace, nor forbearance, nor mutual respect is there, nor reverence, nor gratitude. What perhaps has shocked me most was to discover, in the corner of one of these wards, a poor creature who had seen better days; to be startled when I went up to speak to one whose features or countenance had attracted me, by being answered in the unmistakable tone and language of the well-bred and the well-born: and this has happened to me, not once, but several times. I never can understand why some discrimination should not be shown, unless it be that not one of those employed is of a grade, mental or moral, to be intrusted with such a power of discrimination. In some workhouses many who can work will not, and there is no power to compel them. In others, the inmates are confined to such labour as is degrading and disgraceful—the sort of labour which is a punishment in prisons,—which excites no faculty of attention, or hope, or sympathy,—which contemplates neither utility nor improvement,—such as picking oakum, &c.; and this lest there should exist some kind of competition injurious to tradesmen. Besides the sick and the miserable, there are also to be found the vicious, the reckless, the utterly depraved; and I could not discover that there is any system of gentle religious discipline which aimed at the reforming of the bad, or the separation of the bad from the good, except in one of our great metropolitan workhouses. The depraved women bring contamination with them; the unwed mothers, who come to lie-in, go out laughing, with a promise to come again; and they do come again and again for the same purpose. The loudest tongues, the most violent tempers, the *she-bullies* as they are called, always are the best off; the gentler spirit sinks down, lies still, perhaps for six, or eight, or twelve years—I have seen such,—and so waits for death."

"It is," says a writer in the *Quarterly Review*,* "the insolence of its officials, and the insubordination of its inmates, that make the poor-house (what we have heard respectable paupers call it) *a hell upon earth*." And what has made them so? It is, as Mrs. Jameson shows, the system;—the system which is the Protestant substitute for that destroyed in England by the Reformation; but which, in spite of Joseph II. and the King of Sardinia, still flourishes throughout Catholic Europe.

"It is the system of which I complain, which brings a vulgar and a brutal power to bear on vulgarity and brutality, the bad and de-

* September 1855.

fective organisation to bear on one bad and defective ; so you increase, and multiply, and excite, as in a hot-bed, all the material of evil, instead of neutralising it with good : and thus leavened, you turn it out on society to contaminate all around. What has ground humanity out of them, but a system which ignores the force of the natural and domestic relations, and trusts to no influence but a mere machinery ?”

Such is the success of the English system with regard to the poor whom it pretends to succour. But its results are not more favourable to the tax-payers, in whose behalf it put on its most repulsive features. There is something mysterious about the poor-rate. Its gradual increase has always been the bugbear of the prophetic souls of political economists. In 1680 it amounted only to 665,390*l.* ; in 1764 it had advanced to 1,200,000*l.* ; in 1773 to 3,000,000*l.* In 1788 it was asserted in Parliament that it had increased by one-third in nine years, and men feared lest within half a century it would amount to 11,000,000*l.* It was hoped that the act of 1834 had put a period to this enormous development ; but even still there is something judicial about the advance of the rate. With a continual diminution of pauperism throughout the country, according to official reports, the relief afforded costs us more and more every year and every half-year. In 1834, the last year of the old system, the rate amounted to 8,338,000*l.* In 1855 it was 7,864,000*l.* For the present year it will probably reach the level of the enormous tax of 1834. The mysterious cancer, which was checked for a time, is still eating its way into our property, and is gradually reclaiming for the poor the full amount of the patrimony of which they were robbed by the Reformation. Thus is Providence vindicating the maxim of our law, that there is no prescription against the rights of the crown. When the poor were robbed, Henry and Elizabeth violated a higher crown than their own—a Crown which is apt to vindicate its own rights through far other means than the special pleadings of our law-courts.

Sooner or later we hope that Englishmen will begin to cast up their accounts, and find what they have paid for their immense commerce, and for their success in the manufacture of hardware, and of the inferior kinds of silks and cottons. We have improved buttons and knives ; but how infinitely have we degraded those who make them ! Let Protestantism boast only of what it has really done. In finance, it is clearly far astern of the Hebrew persuasion ; in its care of the poor, it is certainly immeasurably distanced by us. As it calls in the aid of the Rothschilds when it wants money, why does it not invite our orders of nuns and brothers to assist it in its pauper

difficulty? Does it doubt that our sisters of charity are better than its drunken nurses? or our nuns of the Good Shepherd more able to touch a criminal heart than its turnkeys? Let it read Mrs. Jameson's book, and make up its mind to give us one trial; let it commit to us one well-endowed hospital, one asylum for the poor, one prison, one workhouse; and honestly compare the results of our labour with its own. It is our proper work; for surely these poor English paupers, the victims of Protestantism, the descendants of those who as recusants were driven from their little properties and became vagabonds on the earth, should be cherished objects of Catholic charity.

WHAT OF THE DENISON DECISION?

WE cannot imagine any more bitter disappointment, any occasion for keener self-reproach, than when a man finds, after a life of toil, that he has been labouring not for himself or for the cause which he loves, but that his work has resulted solely in strengthening the hands of a party whom he thoroughly detests and despises, and in furthering principles which from his heart he is convinced are altogether erroneous and abominable. Such, we imagine, must be the case with hundreds of earnest men, clergymen and laymen of the Establishment, who, having sorely bruised their brains against the rocks of Anglo-Catholic, patristic, scholastic, and German-Protestant theology, and completely unsettled all their religious convictions, were persuaded rather by the authority of the life and example than by that of the argumentative force of the leader of their party to stifle their doubts by work, by labouring in their parishes, visiting the sick, instructing the ignorant, superintending their schools, building churches, carrying out the rubrical directions of the Prayer-book, and rendering their parochial services as attractive (to a small minority of Anglicans) as they knew how. Into this vortex of labour and excitement they plunged expressly for the purpose of stifling the importunities of their consciences, and the terrible questionings of their reasonable souls; they plunged into it too desperately and too unreasoningly to allow us to suppose that they ever asked themselves for whom or for what they were thus about to labour, whose hands they were strengthening, or what principles they were furthering. But man is a rational being, and his reason cannot for ever be kept in abeyance. Every now and then there will be some deep commotion in the moral

world, some shock as of an earthquake, that will wake him up and make him think, in spite of himself. The recent decision of the highest spiritual authority of the Anglican Church ought to be such a shock, ought to stir to their very depths the slumbering minds of those who, in order to avoid the pain of thinking, have drowned their cares in the whirlpool of action. Such an event should make them ask themselves, For whom am I bringing my parish into order; who will administer the system which I am organising; who will profit by the religious feeling which I am attempting to excite; for whom am I rearing a congregation in my schools; and who will in a few years occupy the pulpit in the church which I am building? The answer is easy; but it is quite the reverse of that which was hoped for. You thought that you were laying the foundation of a new wing to the Establishment, or that you were erecting an independent mansion within her, wherein your spirit should be perpetuated, and whence it should radiate on all sides in kindly influence for ever. But, alas, after some fifteen years of industry, what have you done? How many of your churches have already fallen into the hands of the Philistines; who have taken away your daily services, dropped your weekly communions, mounted your pulpits, not with the well-intentioned and sober discourses for which you erected them, but with the glad tidings of almost universal damnation in which Calvinism delights! Alas, that it should be so! You have laboured in vain, you have spent yourselves for naught and in vain, and you have passed away, and your spirit with you; and the enemy has entered on to your labours, is reaping your harvest, is consuming the corn that you thought you had gathered into the barn for yourselves! Will you begin again the same fruitless round, the same barren cycle of busy idleness, the same strenuous exertion in doing nothing? Or will you behave like men, and use your noblest faculty to count the cost before you build your tower, and sit down and think before you lead forth your forces to the battle? You have once rushed blindly into the fight, you have laid about you like men; but, alas, you have been slaying your own friends, and you have been doing the work of your most deadly foes. They kept silence as long as they could; they made no sign for fear of opening your eyes to your true position; they held their breath while you worked for them; they stood with open mouth under the cherry-tree while you were gathering the fruit, and quietly swallowed all that you imagined you were dropping into your own baskets. Not till one of your own party, more curious, or, as they call him, more indiscreet than the rest of you, pried a little too closely into their doings,

and challenged them with your watchword, and so compelled them to declare themselves, did their leaders attempt to discourage the active service which you were performing for them. Gladly did they consecrate your churches, preside at the opening of your schools, and lock up the title-deeds in their bureaus. Gladly, too, did they receive your resignations, and appoint their own minions to the nests which you had so well feathered. Such a source of profit was not lightly to be stopped, especially when silence alone was the condition of its perennial flow. Never would they have spoken a word to make it cease, unless some overruling power had compelled them. But now they have spoken, it is the warning of Providence to you. No longer can you pretend that you are working for Catholic truth; you are working for the truth of the "forty stripes save one" (such as it is), and for nothing else in heaven or in earth.

In old days you had some reason for supposing that these Thirty-nine Articles had very little vitality—very little real hold on your reason or conscience. The popular voice, in which all your bishops had joined, and which seemed to be confirmed by the language of the Articles themselves, made the Bible, and the Bible only, the foundation of your Christianity—and the Bible, as interpreted by the conscience of each private individual. Your consciences were tender, and you had not the audacity to claim any special inspiration; you naturally thought that where each private conscience had an unlimited right to interpret according to its own crude speculations, you surely had a right to interpret according to the guidance of the fathers; your private judgment had as much right to submit itself to patristic influences as to the fumes of its own self-esteem. Where all had a right to private judgment, surely the private judgment which of its own accord submitted to the guidance of antiquity must be safe. This, then, was the wide and deep foundation of your religion—the Bible, as interpreted by minds enlightened by a study of Christian antiquity. And on this was raised the structure of your daily life, fed by the daily services of your liturgy. Your Prayer-book, it must be owned, in many places breathes a genuine Catholic spirit; and this was given into your hands by your bishops to be your daily bread, your meditation morning and evening. Surely, with your whole religious nature and faculty so totally preoccupied; with the Bible to satisfy your reason, and the Prayer-book to feed your love; it was excusable if you thought the Articles a mere accident, an old, inconsistent, but as yet unrepealed statute, at variance with the true life of your Church, and therefore dead, and

only awaiting burial. The Bible and Prayer-book were the living powers of your communion; the Articles came to you three or four times in your life, as an occasional diplomatic visitor, making his call to urge some exploded claim, or to demand some obsolete tax. He had, as you knew, the letter of the law on his side, but there were plenty of legal quibbles by which he might be shelved. His presence, however, was an anomaly; the vigorous development of your new life would be too strong for him, and he would gladly accept any compromise rather than fight out his claim. How gladly you received the interpretations put upon him by "number ninety"! It was quite a sport to find new quibbles to resist his absurd claims. The more ridiculous you could make him the more you were pleased, the nearer the *shave* the better did you reckon the sport. You had slang names for him; he was "the forty stripes save one," which the law allowed to be administered to the free Israelite. He was the "three yards of bad stuff," wherewith the Church of England had during some unaccountable hallucination patched the rents of her schism. You felt that the old fellow's mouth must be stopped somehow, whether by serious refutation, or by laughing him out of court with a jest.

But now this decision has, or ought to have, taught you, that however far between the visits of this tax-gatherer are, he comes to you with the whole power of the State to back him. He is no part of your daily life, but he is a higher power still. An Eastern emperor is no less absolute master because he secretes himself in his harem, and shows himself at rare intervals to his trembling subjects. The poor men may flatter themselves that they are labouring for some popular pasha, or laying up riches for themselves; but an edict comes forth from the seraglio, the poor pasha's head drops off, and the subject's wealth is transferred to the coffers of majesty. So it is in England. The little Calvinistic devil who sits on the throne of the Establishment knows how hateful is his bestial form; he knows he has asses' ears, goats' horns, and cloven feet; and he thinks justly enough that his policy is to conceal himself as well as he may. For this cause he has latterly made his rule so mild that he has allowed people to forget his presence; he was so seldom heard of, that at last a mouse bolder than the rest, who had his private opinion that the cat was dead, undertook to put the bell round his neck. Archdeacon Denison was this mouse; he denied the rights of the Calvinistic fiend, and proclaimed him to be defunct. There was no alternative; the little devil was very reluctant to show himself, but now appear he must, or for

ever relinquish his rights. And he has come forth, and has promulgated a decisive edict, too plain to be misunderstood, in which he asserts his own right over your consciences, to the total exclusion of the Bible, whose usurpation he had tolerated as long as it conduced to his own ends; to the total exclusion of the Prayer-book, on which he has coolly placed his heel; to the exclusion of every rag and remnant of Catholic faith or practice; and to the assertion of his own religion, of his own faith, which he defines to be the instrument of self-deception, the organ by which the mind sees in an object that which in truth and reality is not there.

This is the idol before whose shrine you have been bowing down, whose principles you have been propagating, whose work you have been doing. Will you any longer remain in Babylon, and retain the mark of the beast on your foreheads? Had you not better leave the city of confusion, where God hath confounded your speech, where no man now listens to the voice of his neighbour, and where it is at last roundly asserted that the foundation of your religion is not the Word of God, but the random assertions of an Elizabethan Parliament of Church-robbers, and panderers to the tyranny and vices of a shameless queen?

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

On Truth and Error; Thoughts in Prose and Verse on the Principles of Truth, and the Causes and Effects of Error. By J. Hamilton, of St. Ernan's. (Cambridge, Macmillan.) The *Times* one day last month informed us that Protestantism is not mere blind unreasoning tradition, but more or less the result of thought, examination, and reasoning on religious data. We only wish that there *was* any religious thought or examination in England; we should not fear for the result in the long-run;—for we agree with the author of the book before us, that all we want, “to bring about a happy advance in goodness and happiness, is that the mass, the multitude of men and women, must learn to *think*, not presumptuously, but fearlessly,” without a superstitious dread of coming to results contrary to the doctrines of English Christianity.

Mr. Hamilton, like all men who think, has repudiated the Protestant idea of redemption being a vast indulgence to men, allowing them to substitute faith for holiness; “I pressed on,” he says, “till *my* doctrine of salvation gave way to God’s doctrine. The first was salvation from *punishment* hereafter; the latter was salvation from *sin*.”

“*My* doctrine of reconciliation,” he proceeds, “gave way to God’s

doctrine. The first was reconciliation of God to man; the latter was that man, God's enemy, is reconciled to God by the death of His Son. My doctrine of atonement gave way to God's doctrine: the first was that God, being far from us, receives the atonement that brings Him near us; the latter is, that we, being far from God, are led to joy in Him through Christ, by whom *we* have received the atonement."

We must let the two latter statements pass; for whether we are brought near God, or God near us; whether we are reconciled to Him, or He to us,—the fact remains the same, that through our Lord He gives us graces, which without that intervention we could never receive. But the first doctrine makes the whole difference between a religion and a superstition. A religion is that by which we live, so as to deserve God's favour here and hereafter; a superstition is that by which, however we live here, we hope to cheat the devil in the next world, and to be as well off as those who have occupied themselves in working out their salvation in this. The Protestant notion of faith is a superstition of this kind; and if the modern onslaught on the doctrine of hell is founded on the feeling that a religion ought to deliver us from sin, and not to leave us in sin, and yet deliver us from hell, it has a very respectable basis. Of course it is a mistake to take such a one-sided view of any truth as to make it contradict any other; but surely it is less irreligious and immoral to deny hell, than to deny the possibility and necessity of virtue and holiness, as up to this time Protestantism has done.

Hence we feel sympathy with the writer when he says, "I deny that any thing can reconcile a holy or a good being to a real actual sinner; for if that being is good, he can never be satisfied by any amount of penalty for sin, nor can he be satisfied except by the bad man becoming good."

These words, indeed, he puts into the mouth of an infidel; but then, in his controversy he takes the right method of allowing all that is reasonable in his opponent's statement. So far as his infidel rests his objections on reason, he admits them all; and only takes care to show how Christianity, properly understood, does not contradict these principles.

We will quote one or two more of his sentences. "Each religious party stands intrenched in its own fortification, inaccessible to any argument. You will find those most inaccessible who make the greatest profession of liberty, who cry out against Roman Catholic usurpations loudest, and in words denounce every attempt to put down free inquiry, and the right of private judgment."

Again, "If a man can see that the sap and vital action of a grafted tree are of a good sort, he imputes to that tree 'goodness,' though as yet there be no fruit. So if God sees in a man that change of heart which arises from faith in God's real character, or even that first change which perhaps has existence in the form of faith, even before it produces any further effect in a change of mind or feeling, He imputes 'goodness' to that man simply because He knows that he is good, though the absence, as yet, of fruits, prevents less discriminating judges from imputing the same."

On the whole, this is the work of a thoughtful person; and though its one-sidedness and incompleteness give it an illiterate and boyish colour to the Catholic eye; though there are many things in it positively unsound; yet it is a symptom of health—and as such we commend it.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

Oxford Essays. Contributed by Members of the University. 1856. (London, John W. Parker.) This second volume of Essays is scarcely equal to that published last year. The first article is written by a person thoroughly at home in the questions which he discusses, who draws a moderately complete picture of the state of civilisation to which the race from which Greeks and Romans, Germans, Celts, Slaves, Indians and Persians have sprung, had attained before the separation of these offshoots; his argument being drawn solely from the circumstantial evidence derived from the science of comparative philology. But with all his cleverness, we do not think that he proves the point of his essay, which is, that the strange mythology of antiquity was the necessary product of the poetical character of the first language of mankind.

The third essay, on the Raphael drawings in the University galleries, by Mr. George Butler, contains some extraordinary statements. We had thought that a visit to two or three successive exhibitions of the Royal Academy would convince any one that the true comic style, in which English painters are most invariably successful, is that which they are pleased, ironically, to term the religious school. We have never seen more grim pieces of burlesque than Hunt's "Scapegoat," or his "Behold I stand at the door and knock," and Etty's shaggy "St. John Baptist." If there is any one style of art in which Englishmen invariably fail, it is surely the religious school. Yet Mr. George Butler, following Mr. Ruskin, has discovered that if Raphael had only been fortunate enough to be a member of the Church of England, then, indeed, he *would* have been a painter!

"Raphael's rendering of Scripture subjects does not come up to the idea which Protestant England in the nineteenth century should entertain of religious art. But was any thing better to be expected from the Pope's painter in the sixteenth century? . . . Great allowances are to be made for those who have not the power, even if they have the will, of becoming intimately acquainted with scenes of the apostles' history. A thinking man, with a Bible in his hand, is more than a match for any one—be his powers great as they may—who only receives such fragments of divine truth as priests and cardinals vouchsafe to dole out to him. So long as revelation is obscured by the Bible being a sealed book, there can be no true religious art."—Be it so; what follows? there is no true religious art in England now; therefore, perhaps, the Bible is a sealed book to Englishmen. But what a perfect *spoon* a man must be, who seeks to assert the pre-eminence of Protestant art before that University which has just built a splendid museum for the exhibition of Catholic models, and where all the picture-shops display pious prints of Overbeck, Steinle, Raphael, and Fra Angelico, without even an attempt at Protestant competition! If your Protestant religious art is so superior, why not display it? Who is the artist? Ruskin, perhaps? Does Mr. Butler remember how Andrea da Monte Sansovino, when Baccio Bandinelli spoke ill of his work at Loretto, "like a wise man that he was, reproved him at first with gentle words, *remarking that works are executed with the hand, not with the tongue*, and that a good sculptor is shown, not by his sketches on paper, but by the success of his work completed in stone?"

Raphael's early death, quoth Spoon, philosophically, "has been used to point many a moral, generally harping upon the same string;" but

not to illustrate the great truth, which can never be too often impressed on men who use their brains, namely, that "the mind wears out the sheath, and that little ailments speedily bring down to the grave a constitution weakened by incessant mental activity." So, after all, Mr. Butler only mounts the rostrum of art in order to get an opportunity to preach caudle, homœopathy, and flannel-waistcoats! This is the point of his morality. And this, forsooth, is an "Oxford Essay!" Its title should be, "Raphael's testimony to the Church of England and to Morison's pills."

The Social History of the People of the Southern Counties of England in past Centuries; illustrated in regard to their Habits, Municipal By-laws, Civil Progress, &c. From the researches of George Roberts. (London, Longmans.) It was from this book that we got most of the materials for our article on Thomas Hancock, in our last Number; it contains an abundance of similar matter, without much arrangement, but invaluable to the historian or writer of tales *en costume*. We notice it now chiefly to introduce some corrections of errors into which Mr. George Roberts has led us in the article above mentioned. We have since examined the Harleian Ms. in the British Museum; and we find that the Protestant bigotry of Mr. Roberts has led him to misrepresent a very amusing scene which we described at p. 246. It appears from the Ms. that when Chief-Justice Lyster asked for bail in an hundred pounds, some one in court cried out, "An hundred will be bound for him in an hundred,"—"Ay, a thousand in a thousand," answered another. But when the chief-justice wished to make sure of these magnificent protestations, he found that the result was somewhat similar to that of the Satanic hog-shearing—much cry but little wool. "Then dyd my L. (says Hancock's Ms.) agayne enter talke wyth thabove named Harye Dymoke, & asked hym whether ten wold be bownd in on c^h (100*l.*), for yf on hundereth shold be bownde in an hundred pownd, the names then wold occupy more inke and paper than the obligation. Hary Dimoke ansered that I had no rewle of my selfe in that place, and thatt they thowghtt that I wold breake the band, whych yf I sholld, hytt wolde greve them too forfytt x^s apiece, butt in thatt quarell to forfeit xx^s a pece, hytt wold never greve them." Out of this Mr. Roberts makes a speech for Dymoke, "It would never grieve them to forfeit 20*l.* apiece in such a quarrel." Either the learned gentleman was unable to read the Ms., or his Protestant prejudices have blinded him to the small performances of the great promises of the Salisbury reformers—"it would grieve them to forfeit ten pounds apiece, but in that quarrel to forfeit twenty shillings apiece it would never grieve them." The value they put on Hancock's doctrine was twenty shillings, not twenty pounds—even then twenty shillings too much. Mr. Roberts also passes over in few words an admission which does not say much for Hancock: "A change took place at Poole. Hancock offered a prayer for the town. Many fell from their professions, and divisions had ensued." This is a very inadequate copy of the picture which Hancock himself paints of the effects of his ministration in Poole.

"I was called the first year of King Edward to be the minister of God's word at the town of Poole, which town was at that time wealthy; for they embraced God's word, they were in favour with the rulers and governors of the realm, they were the first that in that part of England were called Protestants, they did love one another, and every one glad of the company of the others, and so God poured His blessing plentifully upon them; but now, I am sorry to set my pen to write it, they are become poor, they have no love to God's word, they lack the favour

and friendship of the godly rulers and governors to defend them, they fall from their professions, they hate one another, one cannot abide the company of the other, but they are divided amongst themselves :—but O Lord God, &c.”—here followeth the prayer alluded to by Mr. Roberts. In spite of which, and in spite of, or rather in consequence of, the continued ministrations of the man of prayer, Poole became worse and worse, till its wickedness made it a proverb,—

“ If Poole is a fish-pool, and the men of Poole fish,
There’s a pool for the devil, and fish for his dish.”

As a proof of this, and as an illustration of Hancock’s power of destroying men’s faith, as well as their morals, we are able to state, that not a single recusant from the towns of Poole and Lyme appears to have been convicted during the last twenty years of Elizabeth, during the whole reign of James I. and the early part of that of Charles, and perhaps not afterwards,—for our researches stop there.

A Residence in Tasmania; with a Descriptive Tour through the Island. By Capt. H. Butler Stoney, 99th Regiment. (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.) Capt. Stoney’s tour was undertaken for the purpose of finding a suitable situation for a projected military colony of the discharged soldiers of his regiment, then about to return to England. His book receives its colour from the business-like purpose of the writer. The colonisation-scheme does not seem to have answered as yet; indeed it is far too patriarchal, paternal, and pastoral, for the nineteenth century. Fancy a lot of old soldiers settling down quietly under the guidance of a pious officer, and under the protection of the Anglican Lord Bishop of Tasmania and his vicar-general!

If Captain Stoney had written in England, he would doubtless have written as a bigot, under exclusively Anglican influences. The better tone of colonial society has so softened him, that though he makes no secret of his preference for his sect, he can yet speak with gentleness and fairness of those opposed to him. We extract his statistical account of Catholic matters on the island, with which he was “favoured by the courtesy of the vicar-general.”

“In May 1844 there were but three churches,—Hobarton, Launceston, and Richmond. In May 1854 there were seven, and several others about to be erected. Stations for periodical services at eleven other places, and for occasional missions at ten more. In 1844 there were only three priests; in 1854 there were one bishop and three clergymen paid by government, and two paid by the people for their colonial duty, and ten attached to the convict department in Van Diemen’s Land and Norfolk Island.

“In 1844 the Catholic children were very much scattered about, and many received no education. In 1854 there were two large schoolrooms in Hobarton, and three others in other places, erected at the sole expense of the Catholic community. A large number of children attend the government schools, but without any interference with their religious principles or practice. In 1848 a boarding-school for young ladies was established in Hobarton, where there are thirty-two boarders and twelve day-boarders. In 1854 a seminary for boys was established, where there are sixty boarders and twenty-three day-scholars. There is a small community of Sisters of Charity established in 1847, who devote their time to educating the poor children of Hobarton, and visiting the sick in the hospitals and private houses, and the imprisoned in the gaol and houses of correction.”